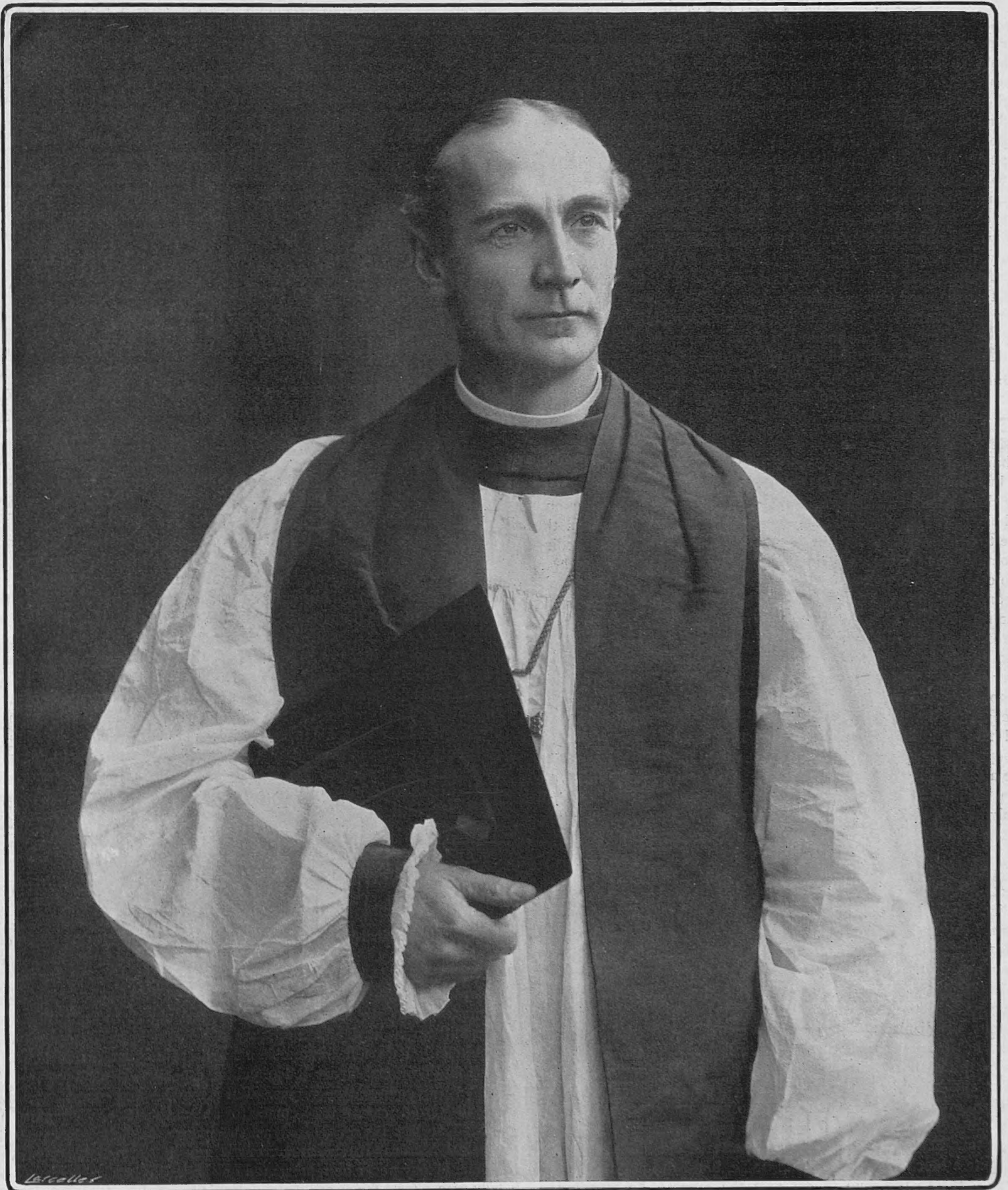




No. 519.—Vol. XL.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1903.

SIXPENCE.



THE RIGHT REV. ARTHUR FOLEY WINNINGTON INGRAM, D.D., BISHOP OF LONDON.

*A recent Portrait by Lafayette, Dublin.*





THE fact of the *Globe* newspaper having, on the first day of this year, celebrated its Centenary should give the modern butterfly something to reflect upon. Anyone who has ever been inside a newspaper office will stand appalled if he tries to realise the amount of work that must have been expended during these hundred years upon the production of the paper. The *Globe* is certainly one of the most popular of the evening sheets; it has an enormous following amongst people who live in the suburbs and like something light and smart to read in the train. If you took the trouble to ask the first ten men you saw with the *Globe* why they bought that particular paper in preference to any of the other evening dailies, nine of them would probably reply that they liked to read the column headed "By the Way." Similarly, the majority of the *Westminster Gazette* patrons would tell you that they looked forward to the cartoon by "F. C. G." It is quite natural that the tired City man should want to be amused during his journey homewards. My own belief is that everybody wants to be amused more or less continually; I hasten to add that, from my point of view as a serious thinker, the thought is a somewhat saddening one. To return to the original theme, however, I desire to congratulate the *Globe* on its very fine achievement and to wish it another happy Centenary.

I have not yet paid my annual visit to the pantomime at Drury Lane, but I am assured on all sides that Dan Leno is funnier than ever. Here is another instance of the enormous demand for humour. Everybody likes Dan Leno—at any rate, everybody who has taken the trouble to acquire a taste for him, for he is not the kind of comedian who compels you to laugh whether you feel like laughter or otherwise. On the contrary, it is quite possible to watch his antics, criticise them and pronounce them dull. But we who know and love our Leno meet him half-way. We go to Drury Lane prepared to laugh; when he comes on the stage, we lean forward with parted lips and strain our ears to catch every syllable; nothing escapes us, and no point, however slight, is allowed to pass unrewarded. His success, of course, is due to sheer force of personality; he is really exactly the same in every character he assumes, yet his personality is so lovable that I should have no hesitation in saying that Dan Leno is one of the six most popular men in England to-day. It would be rather interesting to take a vote on the subject, by the way. Allow me to commend the idea to the notice of *Tit-Bits* or some similar publication. I shall probably be told that it has been done before, but that, I shall reply, is not the slightest reason why it should not be done again.

Another artist for whom I have a sincere admiration is Mr. Albert Chevalier. His method, of course, is very different from that of Mr. Dan Leno. Chevalier plays Thackeray to Leno's Dickens. He appeals to our intellects rather than to our senses. He is a critic, an observer, a satirist. In spite of his new monologues, and so forth, it is still as the coster comedian that the public loves him most. The monologues, all the same, are very clever, and afford him the opportunity of displaying his great powers of pathos. Sometimes, however, he is apt to take them a little too slowly, and then one begins to think that he is not quite sincere in his studies of old bachelors and the like. The coster songs, on the other hand, are better than ever, and I was delighted to find an enormous crowd pouring out of the Tivoli a few afternoons ago, after one of the Chevalier matinées. The illuminated portrait outside the house caused quite a block in the pedestrian traffic, but I did not at all mind having to step into the mud to get past the crowd. I was only too

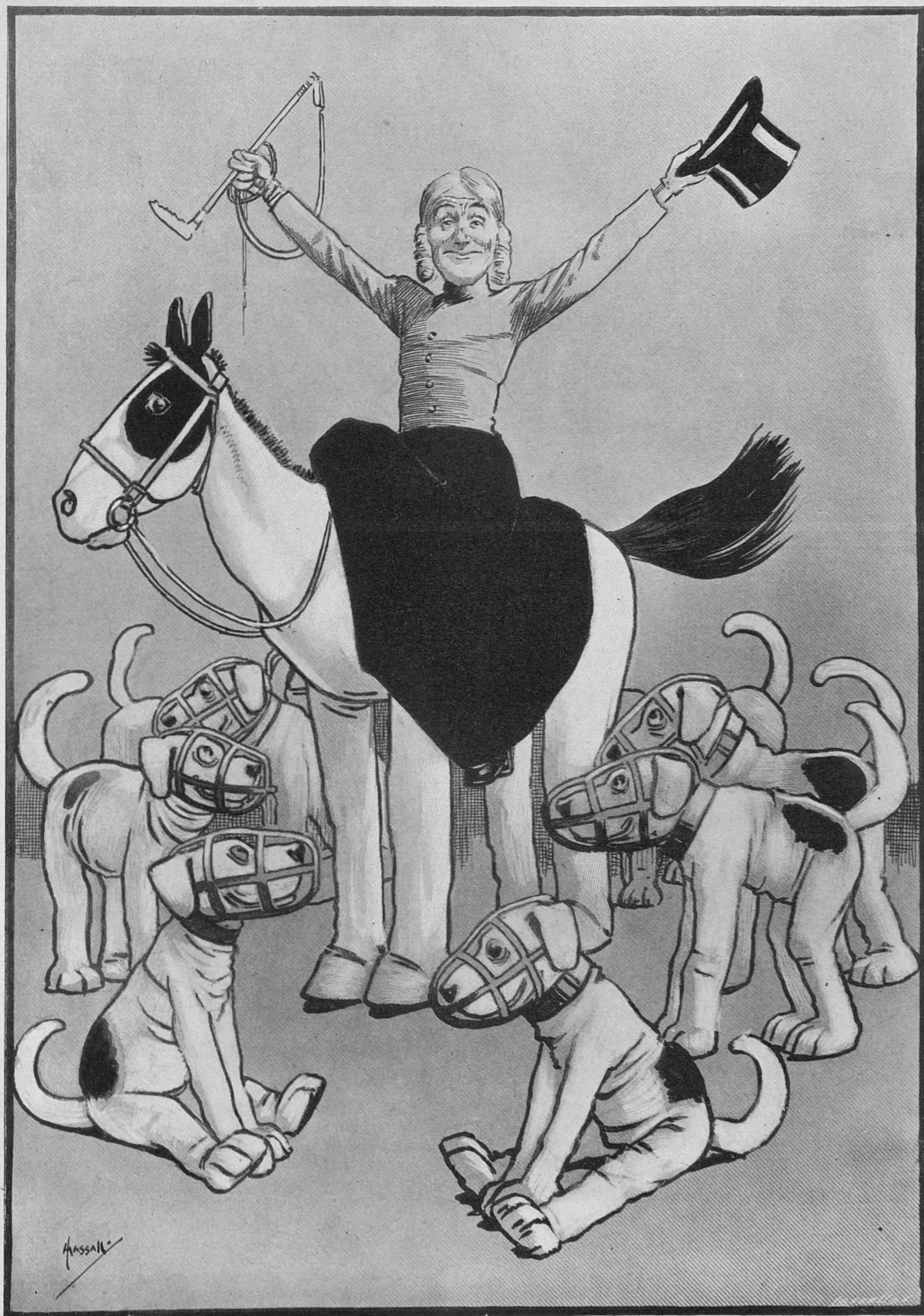
pleased to find that so excellent an artist, after a season or two of comparative quietness, had once again come to his own.

To present a jewelled ring to the Marquis of Anglesey seems, at the first blush, a little like taking coals to Newcastle, and yet this is the way in which the frequenters of the Gaiety Theatre, Anglesey Castle, have chosen to express their gratitude to the lightsome Lord who has again provided them with a real pantomime free of charge. As one who takes a deep interest in the welfare of theatrical art, it has always seemed to me a thousand pities that the Marquis of Anglesey should confine his sphere of histrionic beneficence to his own little theatre. His money, if I may say so, might be expended to much greater advantage in London. There is that National Theatre, for example; what a magnificent thing it would be if this talented young nobleman would consent to supply so long-felt a want. And surely, in comparison with a pantomime, the cost of running a National Theatre would be comparatively small. I am not a member of the Stage Society, but I have reason to believe that the members of that estimable body are quite content to mount their plays without any such embellishments as rubies, or diamonds, or emeralds. However, if the Marquis absolutely refuses to come to London, it is still possible for earnest stage-students to go to Anglesey.

The daily papers have been full enough, heaven knows, of the Delhi Durbar, and yet it is none the less true that, up to the present, we have not been particularly excited over the great Imperial pageant. I suppose we are too busy, nowadays, or too lazy, or too stupid, to sit down and imagine the spectacle as described for us by the various Correspondents of the daily papers. However, there are several excellent artists and photographers on the scene, and it remains for these gentlemen to save the situation. By the way, Mr. Melton Prior, of the *Illustrated London News*, had the misfortune to lose some of his sketches in the camp-fire that was reported in the papers some ten days or so back. His many admirers, however, need have no fear that he will be at all handicapped by so trifling a set-back. Melton Prior is much too old a hand not to guard against every possible contingency. During the Boer War, for instance, it was his custom to make as many as twenty tracings of every drawing that he executed and to despatch each one to the *Illustrated London News* by separate runner. A Durbar must be child's play to a man who persistently overcame the difficulties of the siege of Ladysmith.

All sorts of good things come from America, and one of the latest is an automobile that throws out a spray of scent as it goes by way of counteracting the smell of the oil. If I happened to be a motorist, I should most certainly adopt this improvement, and extend it by attaching a musical-box to my car by way of counteracting the noise of the machinery. There would be all sorts of tunes in the box—some slow, some fast—and these would be turned on or switched off according to the pace at which the car was travelling. One would struggle uphill, for example, to some soothing air in waltz time, rush downhill to a brisk jig, and pass a policeman with a wild, mad tarantella. I do not for one moment imagine that the idea will at once find universal favour. The public, especially the affluent public, is slow to recognise true genius. But it may be that some day, when an ill-starred career has come to an untimely and tragic end, I shall at last be recognised as the man who first advocated the Musical Motor. In such an event, I can only pray that my dying moments may never be represented on the music-hall stage by a young lady with a taste for wearing male clothing and short hair.





DAN LENO AS "MOTHER GOOSE" AT DRURY LANE

"BUT, MY WORD, WHERE'S THE MEAT?"

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



## THE CLUBMAN.

*The Cadet Corps of Indian Princes—The Viceroy's Bodyguard—Our Future Nelsons.*

THE Cadet Corps which has been so much in evidence at all the Durbar ceremonies at Delhi, being the immediate escort to the Viceroy, just as the Royal Princes are to the King, on any great occasion of State pageantry, is a body called into existence by Lord Curzon, and forms one of the most interesting experiments that have ever been tried in India. The Indian Princes and Rajahs, all, or nearly all, men of fighting races, have always regretted that, under the British rule, they have been debarred from taking part in the wars of the Indian Empire, and when they have held rank in the Army that it has really been only honorary rank. I can recollect the Maharajah of Cuch-Bihar when he was attached to the 17th Lancers at Lucknow, and I know that he learned his work very thoroughly, but most of the other Rajahs did not have the same opportunities.

The forming of the Imperial Service troops to a great extent did away with the Rajahs' grievance, if so forcible a term can be applied to what was merely a matter of patriotic regret. Every great Rajah nowadays has a little army of his own, inspected by British officers and kept up to the mark by the knowledge that the eye of the Government of India is always on it, and these corps have been used in all of our recent Frontier wars, and some have even been sent as far overseas as China.

There is, I believe, some regulation or point of etiquette which prevents a reigning Indian Prince from taking the field at the head of his troops, and the command of a State corps of the Imperial Service Army has generally been given to some relation of the Ruler. In the few cases where a reigning Indian Prince has taken the field, he has been attached to the Staff of one of the British Generals. Lord Curzon thought that the very best blood of India should be allowed to serve in the commissioned ranks of the Army of the Crown, and he therefore established the Cadet School, a very aristocratic native version of our Sandhurst, where the scions of the greatest families of India should learn thoroughly all that can be taught at a school of the art of war, and should, if they showed a taste for a soldier's life and capacity, be given commissions in the Army on the same footing as any young European of good birth. If the experiment proves a success, it will be as customary for a young Rajah of one of the highest Indian families to have served in the Army in India as it is for our own Royal Princes and other Princelings to serve in our own Army.

The Cadet Corps is a small one; but the young chiefs who are being trained in it are the flower of the rising generation of India, and have at their head a splendid old soldier. Their uniform of white and light blue and gold is very striking, as being in absolute contrast to all the other Indian full-dress uniforms, which are of some strong colour—scarlet, blue, green, and, in some cases, khaki-brown.

The Viceroy's Bodyguard, which is the other corps that during the ceremonies has been on duty to guard the person of the King-Emperor's representative, is drawn from the yeoman class of India. To serve in it a man must be of a certain height and must have a certain value of property in land, which forms a guarantee of good behaviour. The men are drawn from several of the Indian races, and on their great bay "walers" look just as impressive as our British Household Cavalry do.

I have heard fewer growls than I expected from the old salt-water grumblers in the Clubs over Lord Selborne's sweeping measure of reform in the training of naval officers in all branches. The reason of this may be that it is very generally understood that one of the foremost of our Admirals is the author of the scheme, and that his ideas are those of the men of to-day in command of our fleets.

I used at one time in Chinese waters to see much of the American naval officers, and was struck by the general knowledge they had of all the branches of sea-going work, from the boiler to the mast-head, in contrast with the specialists that our own naval officers were. It is not so very long ago that navigation and gunnery were two separate branches, each having its disciples. In the future, the engineer, the man with the sextant, and the ship-soldier will all have a knowledge of each other's work, and though each will have his duties as before, each will be able, if necessary, to carry out those of the other man.

I fancy that the excellence of the American plan was to a certain extent interfered with by the nomination of lads not quite fitted for their position, but whose fathers or relations had a "pull" on some important local State politician; but this drawback to efficiency luckily does not exist in our country, and I fancy that in America the weeding out by examination of the cadets rectified to a great extent the harm that the bad side of politics did the service. One great advantage there is in the present scheme, and that is that a boy "entered to the sea" will find out whether he is likely to "take" to his proposed profession in plenty of time for him to be educated for another if necessary.

Our boys are in future to go to the *Britannia* establishments between the ages of twelve and thirteen, and, if they do not care for the life, they can move

on at fourteen to Eton or Harrow with as good grounding as they could have gained at any preliminary school. The engineers are jubilant. They have been fighting for years very much the same battle for recognition in rank and position that the surgeons did in the Army, and in future they will receive the same early education and training as the fighting naval officer and the Marine, and will have the same position in the social scale on board ship. I do not think, from what naval officers tell me, that there are likely to be any but beneficial results from the scheme. The naval officer will be as he has been before, but with a more thorough and more general knowledge; the engineer goes up a step; the Marine becomes a "Handy Man." It seems to me that to ask parents or guardians to decide what branch of the Service a boy of twelve should volunteer for is asking them to make up their minds on the boy's behalf very early in his career; but that is only a small matter, and a boy with a talent for engineering shows it very early in life.



MISS BEATRICE TERRY AS "A LITTLE UN-FAIRY PRINCESS" AT THE SHAFTESBURY.  
Copyright Photograph by George Garet-Charles, Acacia Road, N.W.



## THE DURBAR HOSTESS.

LADY CURZON has won a notable triumph over prejudice in India—the land of the apotheosis of caste. On her husband's appointment to the greatest position under the Throne, in 1898, many voices were raised, more or less openly as their owners were more or less uncharitable, at the thought of an American lady at the head of social affairs in our greatest possession, and even more at the thought that the particular lady was the sister of the man who but a short time before had been chief operator in the wheat corner that so nearly caused a serious famine in this and in other countries. Lady Curzon, however, speedily lived down all this—indeed, she became popular at the outset, and her popularity has increased rather than waned. Carrying on the excellent works begun by Lady Dufferin, she has done much to make the Curzon régime both beneficial and welcome, qualities that are but seldom found together.

The position of wife to the Governor-General of India is no sinecure: the experienced hostess has only to multiply her troubles by twenty to realise the tact and ability needed to ensure a successful issue to what may be termed "official" entertaining upon such an occasion as the great State Ball held yesterday in the Diwan-i-Khas in the Palace. She is, as it were, the social representative of the Queen, just as her husband is the political representative of the King, and she is as important a personage socially as he is politically. Certainly, the award of the Kaisar-i-Hind Medal for Public Service in India was well merited and well timed.

Mrs Mary Victoria Leiter, daughter of Mr. L. Z. Leiter, of Washington, U.S.A., Lady Curzon married Lord Curzon of Kedleston, then the Hon. George Nathaniel Curzon, Under-Secretary of State

for Foreign Affairs, on April 22, 1895, and has two children—Mary Irene, born in 1896, and Cynthia Blanche, born in 1898—both of whom seem to have inherited the piquant beauty of their mother. She is as proud of her American birth as her native country is proud of the position she has attained.

Her personal charm is great, and it is easy to appreciate the comment of a contemporary, referring to the State entry into Delhi, "As she smiled, the Viceroy's wife never seemed more beautiful." Riding by the side of her husband upon the huge State elephant lent by the Maharajah of Benares, in the magnificent howdah used by Lord Lytton in 1877, and since a prominent ornament in the Viceregal Lodge at Simla, her presence impressed everyone, as, indeed, it did on the even more significant occasion of the Proclamation, when she occupied a place on the right hand of the Duchess of Connaught, immediately behind the chairs of State.

Altogether, "Debrett" at the Durbar could not have had a more delightful hostess, and Delhi is full of people from "Debrett" just now. For weeks before the date fixed for the ceremonies, social celebrities were hurrying across the seas to witness a series of pageants, the like of which few are likely to see again, and amongst the notabilities from England entertained by Lady Curzon must be mentioned the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Duke and

Duchess of Portland, and the Earl and Countess of Crewe. From America came Miss Leiter, the lady credited with having refused to curtsy to Her Excellency on the ground that she was her sister.

It is, perhaps, worth noting, by the way, that Lady Curzon has for her personal use more elephants than any other woman in the world, one of the Maharajahs having placed the whole of his herd—the largest and finest in the country—at her disposal while she is in India.



LADY CURZON, THE SOCIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT THE DELHI DURBAR.

*Photograph by Baron A. de Meyer.*



## OVERHEAD RAILWAYS.

TO underground travel in the damaging compound known by courtesy as "air," overhead travel is likely to succeed. For a couple of years or so an overhead railway has been at work in Rhenish Prussia, and another is to be started soon in Berlin. About the same time we may expect to hear of one in London. The method of working the overhead electric railway has been steadily improved; accidents are well-nigh impossible, and the railway at Elberfeld, to which reference has been made, has carried some ten millions of passengers without accident since the day when it was opened to passenger traffic by the German Emperor. It is far cheaper to run a railway in the air than to run it underground; for every one pound that must be spent overhead three must be spent underground. Suspended railways will appeal to countless folks who object to mild asphyxia in the bowels of the earth, and one will await the development of the scheme with interest. There seems to be some suggestion of the pleasures of ballooning, with none of the risks. What good times are in store for our children! They will be able to travel underground, like moles, on the surface of the earth—if there is room—like their parents before them, or above the ground, like birds. Perhaps they will be able to travel under the sea as well.

**HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—MR. TREE.**  
(LAST TWO WEEKS.) EVERY EVENING, at 8.15,  
THE ETERNAL CITY. (LAST TWO WEEKS.)  
By Hall Caine.  
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François Villon ... .. Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.  
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Children under 10 Years Half-price to all except 1s. and 2s. seats.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

CHEAP DAY RETURN TICKETS FROM	B	C	D	E	F	G	D	H
Victoria ... ..	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
*Kensington ... ..	9 25	10 5	10 40	11 0	11 5	11 15	11 40	12 15
London Bridge ... ..	...	...	10 15	...	...	...	11 15	...
	...	...	9 25	...	...	...	12 0	...

\* (Addison Road.) B.—Eastbourne, Sundays, 10s. First Class. C.—Week-days, 12s. Brighton, 13s. Worthing (Pullman Car to Brighton). D.—Saturdays, 10s. 6d. First Class, Brighton. E.—Brighton "Pullman Limited," Sundays, 12s. Brighton and Worthing. F.—Brighton and Worthing, Sundays, 10s. First Class, 12s. (Pullman Car to Brighton). G.—Eastbourne, Sundays, Pullman Car, 12s. H.—Brighton, Sundays, 10s. First Class, 12s. Pullman Car.

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Superintendent, "TACQUARU" COMPANY, 2, Amberley House, Norfolk Street, Strand.

## A FASCINATING OLD BOOK.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER have done well to republish "A Week in a French Country-House," by Adelaide Sartoris, illustrated by Lord Leighton, P.R.A., a book which delighted our parents, and which a new generation will enjoy all the more because the life therein described has, to a great extent, passed away. It is hardly necessary to state that not the least interesting part of this fascinating volume is the "Preface to a Preface," contributed by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, who describes in vivid and picturesque language Mrs. Sartoris, the brilliant sister of Fanny Kemble. "A Week in a French Country-House" first appeared in the *Cornhill* some quarter of a century ago, and it enjoyed a genuine if not widely popular success. Many stories concerning French life have been published since Mrs. Sartoris wrote "A Week in a French Country-House," but it may be said with truth that not one of them has given a more vivid, a more charming, and a more true picture of existence as led in one of those fine French châteaux in the days when the great Revolution was still remembered and when an established Republican form of government was as yet undreamt of. Not the least interesting section of this delightful book are two quaint illustrations recalling the period with which they deal contributed by the late Lord Leighton.

## THE SITUATION IN MOROCCO.

Nothing is stranger in connection with the news from Morocco than the failure of the military mission. France and Italy have contributed assistance to make the Sultan's soldiers good fighting-men; Sir Harry Maclean ("Kaid Maclean"), who is now on his way to Fez, has drilled large bodies of them; and yet we are told that the undisciplined levies of Bu Hamara drove them from their positions and captured guns, ammunition, and supplies. In Morocco, nothing succeeds like success; and, so soon as the tribes believe that the "Father of a She Ass" is a better man than Mulai Abd-el-Aziz, they will flock to his standard and the condition of things that European Powers have striven so earnestly to avoid will be reached. The situation will be more than usually perplexing because sources of information are so few. When fighting becomes general, the road between Fez and Tangier will be closed. Europeans will not be able to reach coast from the Capital or Capital from the coast, and Europe will depend for its news upon native messengers compared with whom Baron Munchausen and M. Louis de Rougemont are George Washingtons. There was some talk a couple of years ago of an installation of wireless telegraphy between the coast towns and Fez and Marakesh, but the scheme did not develop beyond the talking stage.

## "SKETCH" EDITORIAL NOTICES.

## TO ARTISTS.

Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.

## TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (three thousand words in length), short sets of verses, and illustrated articles of a topical or general nature. Stories and verses are paid for according to merit: general articles at a fixed rate.

## TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect and the name and address of the sender written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted.

## GENERAL NOTICES.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

Rejected contributions are invariably returned within the shortest possible time.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

Preliminary letters are not desired.

No use will be made of circular matter.

Whenever possible, business should be conducted by post. The Editor cannot receive visitors except by appointment.

All stories, verses, and articles should be type-written.





## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THERE seems no doubt that, should all go well, as we most fervently hope it will do, with the country and with the Royal Family, the King will spend a brief holiday on the Riviera during the month of March. His Majesty has always been immensely popular in France. He speaks French without a trace of accent, and keeps in close touch with everything that is going on in the various Parisian worlds of thought and culture. His Majesty will, it is thought, live on

board the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* at Cannes. This was the course pursued on the occasion of the King's last visit to the South of France. It is possible that during the Sovereign's absence Queen Alexandra will pay a brief visit to her native land.

*A Great Lady.* Lady de Grey will undoubtedly be remembered as one of the great beauties of our time. She is exceptionally tall, but, being perfectly proportioned, she carries herself with a kind of regal self-possession, as becomes, indeed, the

reproach so constantly levelled against London of being an unmusical city. Almost every night during the Opera season she is to be seen in her box at Covent Garden, and at her lovely house, Coombe Court, Kingston Hill, she is fond of entertaining musical artists, among whom, perhaps, her greatest friend is Madame Melba.

*Lady Juliet Lowther.*

Lady Juliet Lowther is a daughter of Lady de Grey by her first husband, and this year she comes of age. She inherits her mother's remarkable type of beauty and shares to the full in all her interests, both music and other forms of art. The magnificent collection of Dresden china which Lord de Grey has at Coombe Court is the special delight of his step-daughter. Latterly, Lady de Grey has become an ardent devotee to automobilism, and Lady Juliet is often to be seen with her mother in a smart electric brougham. (See page 467.)

*The Royal Scandal.* A well-known Clubman who is also a cynic once observed that there must be something good in human nature, as one never saw a British Duchess figure in the Divorce Courts. Till comparatively lately, the same remark might almost have been made with reference to those great ladies whom destiny has transformed into future Queens. This is probably why the Odyssey of the Crown Princess, as the French papers picturesquely describe it, has been followed with such intense interest. The Crown Princess, though the mother of several children, seems to be quite content to live up to the motto, "All for love and the crown well lost."



COUNTESS DE GREY AND LADY JULIET LOWTHER, HER DAUGHTER.

*Photographs by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.*

sister of Lord Pembroke and a future Marchioness of Ripon. In 1878 she married the fourth Lord Lonsdale, brother of the present Peer, whose tragic death only four years later cast a gloom over her life. In 1885 she married Earl de Grey, the son and heir of the Marquis of Ripon, who is known to be probably the best shot now living. Lady de Grey's great interest is music, and she and Lord de Grey have done much, both by purse and influence, to remove the

The young Frenchman who is the cause of the sacrifice is only three-and-twenty; his parents were Belgians of Spanish descent. His position at the Saxon Court seems to have been a somewhat humble one, for he received a salary of only six pounds a-month, although he was expected to undertake the entire teaching of the Royal Princes. It is thought in Austria that the marriage of the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess may be formally dissolved at Rome.



*Miss Ellen Terry  
as a D  butante.*

I am able to present my readers with a curious unpublished portrait of Miss Ellen Terry, taken when the famous actress was only eighteen. At an age when most d  butantes may well be described by the uncomplimentary epithet of "bread-and-butter miss," Miss Terry was the very embodiment of loveliness and grace. "The absolute ideal of an English girl," so Ruskin described her after having made her acquaintance at Little Holland House.

*Art in Photography.*

The "Portrait Studies of Royal Academicians" in the present number are by Mr. Ernest H. Mills, of 17, Stanley Gardens, Hampstead, a specialist in at-home portraiture. This photographer is not only successful with celebrities at home (who include the late Cecil Rhodes, Andrew Carnegie, Herbert Spencer, Lord Lansdowne, Sir Wilfred Laurier, and many others), but is still more successful with private clients, who, taken at home, feel "at home" with familiar surroundings and are thus saved the inconvenience of going to the photographer. Several prominent Academicians and other artists have complimented Mr. Mills on his work, but the highest compliment was the honour of making a number of photographic studies from life of His Majesty the King, which he did recently.

On the modern successor of Sir Joshua Reynolds as President of the Royal Academy falls a task demanding no little delicacy and tact in maintaining the traditions of his great office, which has gained in dignity during the past century through the influence of its illustrious occupants. Those who have observed Sir Edward Poynter's conduct of the stately functions at Burlington House cannot fail to be impressed by the thoroughness with which he has absorbed the spirit of his predecessors. Though a man of few words, his utterances are always apt, and in his presence one seems to see the embodiment of Academic Art. His services to art have been so many that merely to sketch them would take us far beyond the scope of the present brief notice. He will be remembered as one who steadfastly maintained the classical and academic spirit at a time when many artistic innovations in various directions were clamouring for supremacy; and, of his most recent achievements, perhaps none will elicit more widespread gratitude than the stupendous work that he has undertaken in supervising the reproduction of the whole of the art-treasures in the National Gallery for publication in book form.

There are not lacking those who are ready to declare that the veteran painter, Mr. George Frederick Watts, is the greatest artist of the Victorian era in this or any other country. He is now eighty-five years of age, and is the only living painter whose work appeared in the Royal Academy Exhibition in the year of the late Queen's accession. Though some manifestations of the spirit of the Italian Renaissance are undoubtedly to be found in Mr. Watts's

work, it is in the aggregate of the most individual kind, for he has ever been a poet who has expressed himself in paint—an earnest enthusiast who has never lost sight of the possibility of benefitting humanity through the inspiration that glorifies all his productions. The work which he has presented to the nation, and which is now to be seen in the National Portrait Gallery and the Tate Gallery, forms a record of great achievement, masterly in colour and technique, and abounding in poetical significance. It will long be treasured among the greatest evidences of that advance in British art which it has ever been Mr. Watts's desire to promote.

Though Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema is a native of the Netherlands, it is hard to think of him as other than a British artist. He

studied in Antwerp and distinguished himself on the Continent, but he very soon discovered that the English public was his public and that there were irresistible attractions in an English home. Assuredly his house in St. John's Wood is no less beautiful as a home than it is delightful as a Temple of Art, and it contains unique evidence of the esteem in which he is held by his British *confr  res*, in the beautiful collection of panels voluntarily contributed by members of the Royal Academy and others for its decoration. Sir Lawrence has accomplished many beautiful portraits, and is, in fact, an artist of wide capacity; but he is fated to remain in the eyes of the British public the most successful interpreter of the magnificence and luxury of ancient Rome, and of classical scenes in which a glowing sun brings out the prismatic hues of shining marble, and light, graceful figures thinly draped in robes of fascinating colour. The artist is deeply imbued with classical lore and spares no pains to secure accuracy of costume and architecture and of local and temporal colour.

An essentially British artist, who carries on the spirit of Millais and remains unaffected either by the onslaughts of impressionism or the theories that are continually being evolved in the Paris studios,

Mr. Luke Fildes's sturdy independence has won for him a sure place in the regard of English art-lovers. His training was at South Kensington and the Royal Academy, and, though he has been attracted by the colour and gaiety of Venice, his outlook on that favoured city and his mode of rendering its peculiar charms have always been of the thoroughly British kind. His most successful appeal to the picture-loving public of this country was through his celebrated work, "The Doctor," in which a pathetic scene, such as is, perhaps, often enacted in many a poor cottage, was recorded with a simple directness that could not fail in its effect. Other memorable works by Mr. Luke Fildes include "The Casual Ward," painted over a quarter of a century ago. He has been very successful in portraiture, and everyone is familiar with his splendid representation of the King, attired in all the regal magnificence of his State robes, which appeared in the Royal Academy last year.



MISS ELLEN TERRY AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN.

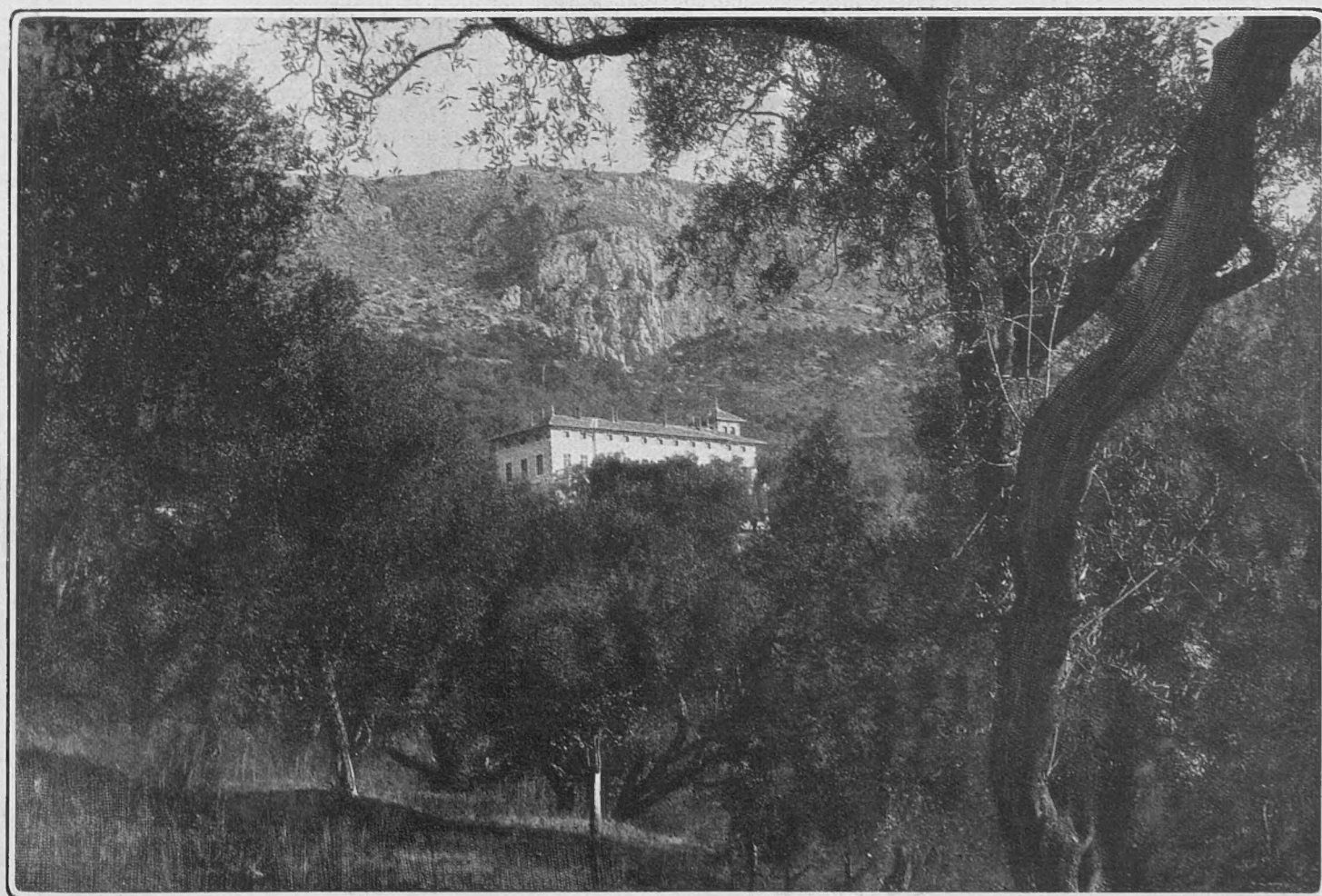
Copyright Photograph by the Cameron Office, Wells Street, W.



LORD SALISBURY'S VILLA AT BEAULIEU.



THE VILLA FROM THE DRIVE.



A DISTANT VIEW OF THE VILLA, SHOWING THE BEAUTY OF THE SITUATION.

*Photographs by Giletta, Nice. (See Page Overleaf.)*



*Beautiful Beaulieu.* Beaulieu, with its wooded heights and bold headlands, is one of the most delightful spots on the French Riviera. Though within fifteen minutes by train of Nice and Monte Carlo, it remains a charming seaside village, with a background of lovely gardens, orange-groves, and perennial foliage. "La Bastide," the holiday home of Lord Salisbury, is built high above the village, on the slope of an olive-clad hill, its lovely grounds stretching down towards the sea on one side and up the mountain on the other. As the creation of the late Lady Salisbury and much beloved by her, "La Bastide" has peculiarly tender associations for the ex-Premier and his family. Though quite different from stately Hatfield, the villa contains some very comfortable and spacious rooms on the ground-floor, Lord Salisbury's own study being one of these. The upper floor consists of bed-rooms and dressing-rooms only, for the villa has always been essentially a family residence. From the wide verandah lovely views of sea, sky, and mountain are obtained, and behind "La Bastide" are some beautiful mountain-paths almost unknown to the tourist, one of these leading directly up to the famous Corniche Road, a favourite promenade of Lord Salisbury.

*A Reforming First Lord.* Lord Selborne has surprised the detractors of "the Cecil group" by the thoroughness of his new scheme for the training of naval men. Part of the credit is due to his Board, but he himself is a vigorous man of affairs with an open mind, and he learned a lesson in business by serving with Mr. Chamberlain for five years in the Colonial Office. As he is only forty-three, he is one of the youngest of the Ministers. Critics of "the Cecil group" treat him as one of the set because he is married to a daughter of Lord Salisbury. He has done credit to it on the present occasion, and he is as brisk as Mr. Gibson Bowles himself.

*Lord Curzon's Future.* What will Lord Curzon of Kedleston do when he returns from his Viceregal position in India? Will he write a book and bask in the memory of his greatness, or will he obtain office at home and play once more the rôle of a Party politician? Lord Curzon is only forty-four, and, so long as his father, Lord Scarsdale, lives, he may re-enter the House of Commons, as he himself holds only an Irish Peerage, such as was held by Lord Palmerston while a member of that House. It is possible that Lord Curzon will some day be Secretary of State for India, if not Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. His admirers predict, indeed, that he will yet be Prime Minister.

*Lord Curzon's Past.* Few members of the House of Commons during the last quarter of a century have had so brilliant a Parliamentary career as Lord Curzon. He seemed when in the House to have stepped out of one of Disraeli's novels—he was handsome, eloquent, confident, and quite dazzling in

his readiness. In these days, when Under-Secretaries are cautioned against replying to sudden supplementary questions, one can scarcely realise the brightness of the hour when Lord Curzon, as the representative of the Foreign Office, played with the "hecklers."

*The Bishop and the Vicar.*

One of the best stories told in the West Country about the late Archbishop of Canterbury does not appear to have found its way into the Press. When Dr. Temple was Bishop of Exeter he sent for the Vicar of a remote Devonshire parish on a matter of business. The Vicar, who was poor and had to tramp a long way into Exeter, arrived just as the Bishop was at lunch. Dr. Temple despatched the business in his usual curt fashion and dismissed his visitor. Shortly afterwards, the Bishop delivered his annual address to his clergy, and at the close invited comment on anything that had occurred in the diocese. Presently, the poor old Vicar got up, and, after describing how he had walked all the way from his remote parish to the Palace and back without being offered so much as a cup of cold water, asked that a little more consideration might be shown to those of the clergy who were old and poor. The Bishop said nothing, but, after replying to the other speakers, turned, at last, to the old clergyman. Everyone expected to see the bold man crushed mercilessly; but, to the general surprise, Dr. Temple apologised humbly to the old man and begged him to believe that it was not want of courtesy but want of thought which had caused his lack of hospitality. Only a very strong man could have acted in this way, and the Bishop's frank avowal won him all hearts in a moment.

*Mr. Walter B. Harris.*

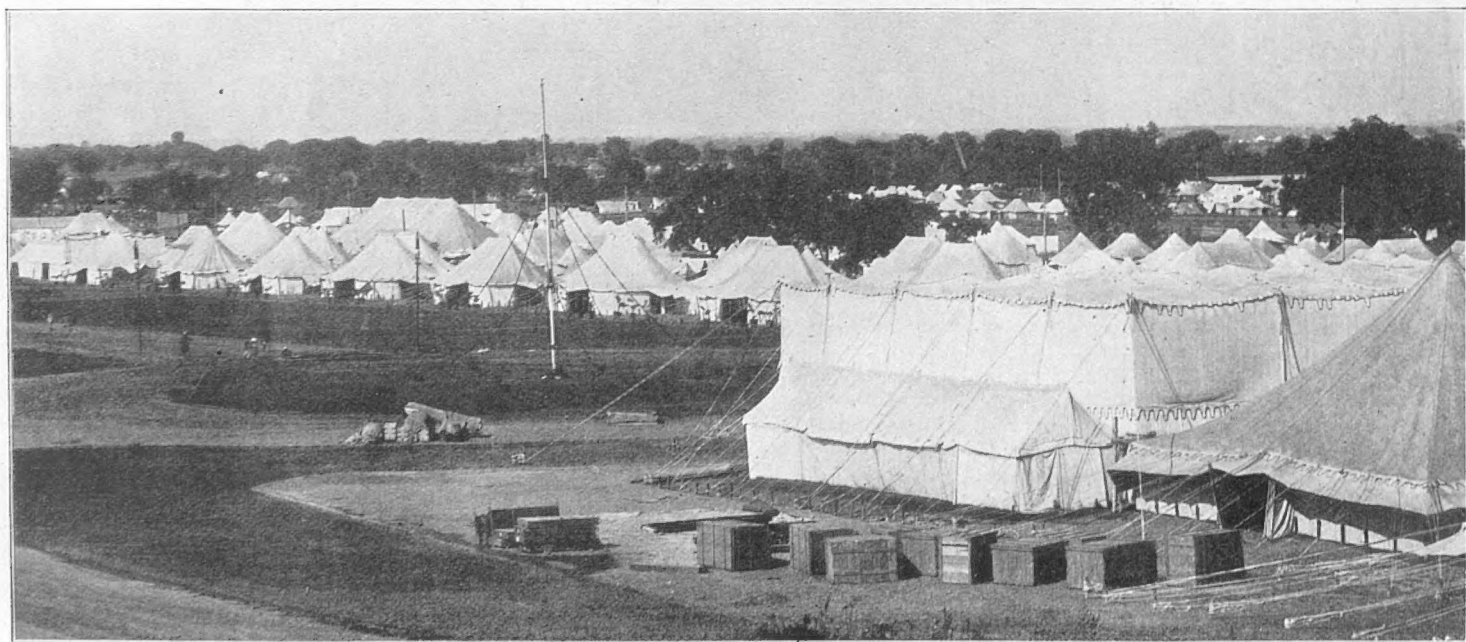
We are indebted to the *Times* for the best and most authoritative news of the trouble in Morocco, where, at the time of writing, the star of the "Father of the She Ass," Bu Hamara the Pretender, seems to be in the ascendant. The *Times* is indebted for its news, most of which is exclusive as well as reliable, to the famous traveller and writer, Walter B. Harris. For many years Mr. Harris has been resident in Tangier, where he has a beautiful Moorish house, with delightful gardens, a few miles from the town. Popular with the Moors, whose manners and customs make a strong appeal to him, Mr. Harris has travelled over a great part of the Sultan's territory, including many districts never traversed before by free Europeans. He accomplished the famous journey to Tafilalt, and told the story of the late Sultan's dramatic end on the road home. He has interviewed the present Sultan at Marakesh, and has been admitted to the Royal presence at Fez, the northern capital which is now, like Jericho of old, "straightway shut up." Mr. Harris has travelled through the inhospitable Yemen and has gone overland from Batoum to Bagdad. In his travels in Morocco he has been aided largely by a complete knowledge of Arabic, and in the native dress he can pass unmolested through districts where "unbelievers" would be murdered at sight.



[Photograph supplied by Paul Renneçon.]

THE SCENE OF THE HUMBERTS' ARREST: THE HOUSE IN MADRID WHERE THE FAMILY STAYED.

The three windows to the left on the second storey are those of the prisoners' apartments. At No. 33, Calle Ferraz, seven members of the family lived after their flight from Paris until their arrest on December 20.



THE VICEREGAL CAMP AT DELHI, SHOWING THE QUARTERS OF LORD AND LADY CURZON TO THE RIGHT OF THE PICTURE.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.



## SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

*The Moulin Rouge at Rest.*

It was many months ago that I first of all gave in the columns of *The Sketch* the story of the approaching disappearance of the Moulin Rouge (writes my Paris Correspondent). There seemed, I suppose, to the average Englishman, something too appalling in the prophecy for it to be regarded seriously. But it has come to pass, and one of the three glories, from the tripper's point of view, of Lutetia—the Morgue, the Eiffel Tower, and the Moulin Rouge—has ceased to exist. The enormous popularity that the Moulin enjoyed with the English was incomprehensible even to John Oller, who has often spoken of it to me. The dancing had gone to pieces, and with those of the fair sex who did dance time had been ungenerous and the dentist a useful friend. Ten years ago every photograph-seller's shop-window was lined with photos of "Nini Patte en l'Air," "La Goulue," "Grille d'Egout," "La Saute-relle," "Le Tour Eiffel," and "Môme Fromage," but in a brief time the Parisian interest waned, and the serpentine dancing of Loïe Fuller at the Folies-Bergères killed it eight years ago. It will, I believe, rise again from its ashes—I don't mean that it was burned out—in the form of a gorgeous music-hall on London lines, while a brief concession in an adjoining hall will be made to the old-time reputation as the home of the *chahut*.

In "L'Autre Danger," at the Comédie-Française, one recalls involuntarily that Maurice Donnay, the author, was one of the old Montmartre school that flourished under Rudolf Salis. It only appealed to its limited audience in the Cabaret Artistique, and Paris could stay away or come; but they expressed their ideas bluntly. Donnay has the unpleasant idea of a mother sacrificing her lover in order that her daughter might marry him. Such a theme should have been regarded as impossible for development in the First Theatre in Europe. Donnay himself must have seen his error, for before the last Act he hardly cared to speak to his friends and was decidedly taciturn.

*Sarah as Théroigne.* Sarah Bernhardt might well have prayed to be saved from her friends of the French Press. For three weeks before the curtain went up at her theatre on Hervieu's "Théroigne de Méricourt" columns had been devoted to the true history of this stormy petrel of the Revolution. And there was an unnecessary desire for historic accuracy in preference to picturesque and amusing anecdote. The result was that poor Théroigne stood unveiled, and one shuddered to think that Sarah would give the true story of her awful mad end at the Salpêtrière. It was distinctly unfortunate for the Great Tragédienne coming before the play, just as the controversy over "Cyrano de Bergerac" coming after made its fortune. This said, let everyone hear with pleasure that it was a great triumph for Sarah, and will for all time be associated with her name. It was a

great historical gem, fortified by concessions to popular ideas, such as drums in the distance, the tramp and howling of the unkempt male and female butchers waiting for their aristocratic prey. The final mad scene was the most powerful, and Sarah made a superb artistic effort though treading on loose ground.

*The Humbert Fizzle.*

Parisians are very tired of the Humbert arrests. In general they disbelieve entirely the threats of Thérèse, who, according to her version, has knowledge of facts which will shake the reputation of those most famous in France. It has been pointed out to her that she is

simply appealing to that strange gallery who, down themselves, and with no hope of ever rising, glory in seeing mud splashed on the clothes of honest and successful men. Romain Daurignac is the joy of the jailers. He smokes his cigarettes, and when the warders ask him if he has nothing to complain about, he gleefully replies that the sherry was bad—because there was none—and criticises the regulation of the Conciergerie that does not allow lady visitors. The fact that six months will elapse before the trial is unfortunate, and the strange adventures of the Princess of Saxony have been a final blow to their popularity.

Pierre Decourcelle, aided by Varney, has supplied the Parisian stage with the first delightful, simple, refreshing opera for a long period in "Le Chien du Régiment." It is framed in delightful scenery, with fair girls to match, and brave soldiers to accompany them on the stage of the Gaité. The clanging of the trolleys and the groan of the automobiles when you get outside cannot drive the melodies of half-a-dozen morceaux out of your head. Madame Simon Gerard was *en vedette*, and worthily so.

The Eastern and Western Electric Tramway Companies of Paris announce that they

will immediately shut down, as their funds do not allow them to continue the exploitation. Fifteen hundred men will be out of work, and two hundred thousand travellers deprived of cheap transit. Directly it was known that the Omnibus Company would not have its monopoly renewed there was a mad tramway speculation. The roads to Maisons Laflitte, Auteuil, Boulogne, St. Cloud, were torn up and laid with metals. The scenery was ruined—and now the vandals are, apparently. Business was excellent on the Sunday, but on ordinary days the employés had to run the cars for their own amusement.

*Mr. Austen Chamberlain.*

The French Press are positively taking seriously the marriage of an English Princess and Mr. Austen Chamberlain. It is said that their Southern residence will be at Beaulieu and will be a present from Mr. Chamberlain senior, and that Paris will profit by their patronage in the spring. And so is history written.



A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY.

By Reutlinger, Paris.



## NEW YORK—INSIDE OUT.

## VI.—IN NEW YORK'S LARGEST BAKERY.

**B**AKERIES in New York are run on a very pretentious scale. Everything in the process of bread-making is done by machinery. New York has never been afflicted by the prejudice that hand-made bread is better than machine-made. The wheaten loaf made by hand in London, and supposed to be on "mother's own plan," is far heavier than the machine-made product of New York. New Yorkers are great bread-eaters. One of New York's biggest bakeries is situated at the corner of Broadway and Tenth Street, opposite John Wanamaker's famous drapery-house. Fleishman, the owner of this bakery, is now a multi-millionaire. His establishment is unique in many ways.

Among the "night-sights" of New York is the long line of men which forms outside of Fleishman's Bakery after midnight every night in the week. Each man who stands in that line—there are sometimes more than three hundred—gets a loaf of bread for nothing. The crowd resembles a London theatre gathering, saving that it is made up of the flotsam and jetsam of humanity. Ever since this particular bakery became a "paying concern," the giving away of loaves has been one of its fixed rules. It is for this reason that "Fleishman's" is, perhaps, better known than any other bakery in New York. Fleishman's bread has literally come back on the waters in the form of a huge advertisement.

Loaves are turned out in most of the New York bakeries in greater quantity, with fewer men and less confusion, than anywhere else in the world. At these huge bakeries the material is touched by the operators but twice during the entire operation of bread-making. Human hands manipulate the dough only in shaping the bread and in weighing it. All the rest of the bread-making process is done by machinery.

Of course, the first thing in a New York bakery, as everywhere else, is the raw material. From seven to ten barrels of flour are first carried to the top floor of the bakery, and their contents are dumped bodily into a chute, the sides of which are composed of glass and so screened and protected that no flour-dust whatever escapes into the room. From the chute the flour enters an intricate piece of machinery on the floor below, called the "sifter," which abstracts from it every particle of grit or other substance of a similar character which it may contain. Through the glass front of the sifter you may see the white waves of flour pouring down in a continuous Niagara-like stream. The flour, after being sifted, enters into a series of branch pipes which terminate over a huge mixing-machine. This "mixer" will take as many as seven barrels of flour at once. It automatically pours upon the flour a sufficient quantity of water, milk, and "shortening," to make a "batch" of twelve hundred loaves. The mixing and making of the "batch" is done in fifteen minutes, after which the mixing-machine is called upon to perform another operation. By a series of adjustable "chucks," the mixer is converted into a kneader and roller, and the bread is "punished," as some bakers call it, for twenty minutes. In this operation, the machine is merely started, and the man pays no further attention to it until the twenty minutes is up, when he stops the machine, tilts it over on one side, and lets the dough drop out into a huge trough, where it stands until it is properly "raised."

If the operation of mixing were done by hand, it would require from four to six men, and occupy nearly an hour. The machine which does this work is kept in a state of absolute sanitary cleanliness. Inspectors superintend the cleaning of the machine after each operation, and half-an-hour after a mixer has got rid of a "batch"

the machine looks as spick-and-span as if it had never been used and had just come newly from the shop.

New York bread has a reputation for its whiteness and lightness. No doubt, part of this is due to atmospheric conditions, for it has been proved that dough has a great attraction for invisible particles of dust, and this will account, in a measure, for the somewhat dingy look of a good deal of London's bread. The elimination of the "human element" from the making of bread has created a revolution in cleanliness. Stories of kneading bread by means of trampling-feet in a big trough are utter myths—at least, so far as modern bread-making methods are concerned.

When the bread is sufficiently "ripe"—or properly raised—it is weighed by men whose hands have been washed in antiseptic solution. It is then thrown into chutes that carry it, in great, tumbling, bag-like rolls, to the baking-room. If you stand at the bottom of one of these chutes and watch the ungainly lumps of bread drop through on to the shaping-tables, you experience an uncanny sensation, for at times the dough lumps assume weird outlines that remind you of human bodies.

When the rolls of dough fall upon the shaping-tables, they are padded into shape, smoothed, rounded, and quickly dropped into tin receptacles, where they are again allowed to "rise" somewhat before being placed on long racks and wheeled into the rooms where open-mouthed ovens await them.

These ovens are immense affairs. Each one will take some two hundred and fifty full-size loaves. They are so arranged that heat is equally distributed over the entire surface, and each loaf of bread gets as much heat as its companions. On the outside of each large oven are a clock and a thermometer, which indicate respectively the degree of heat and the time required for baking any particular style of bread. The time for baking never varies, and in a ten-hour day each oven will bake two thousand eight

hundred loaves, every one of which will be the same shade of brown.

The clothing worn by New York bakers while on duty is never allowed out of the bread-factory. This is a precautionary method of preventing disease, each man donning separate clothes on beginning work, even changing his under-clothing. Frequent washing of the hands and exposed portions of the body is a rule which is strictly enforced in New York baking establishments.

Expert bakers make in New York from fifty shillings to four pounds a-week. The quantities of materials used in some of these big New York bakeries are enormous. The average daily consumption of raw materials in a fair-size New York bakery is as follows: Three hundred gallons of milk, a hundred and fifty barrels of flour (29,400 lb.—almost fifteen tons), ten barrels of leaf-lard, hundreds of pounds of malt diastase—a new kind of "shortening"—and thousands of pounds of salt and sugar. The daily output of a New York bakery of large size is ten thousand full-size loaves, twenty thousand small loaves, and seventeen thousand rolls. On Saturdays the big bakeries turn out about twenty-five thousand large loaves, fifty thousand small ones, and thirty thousand rolls.

In recent years, Trusts have invaded the New York bread-market, and a great many of the small bakeries have been absorbed. It is said that the Trust bread is cheaper, better-made, and more palatable than bread made by "outsiders"; but among the people there is still a prejudice against it. The notion seems to prevail that Trust bread contains deleterious chemicals, though, of course, there is no foundation for this belief.

W. B. NORTHROP.



THE MIXER.

Photograph by Lazarnick, New York.



NEW YORK—INSIDE OUT.

VI.—IN NEW YORK'S LARGEST BAKERY.

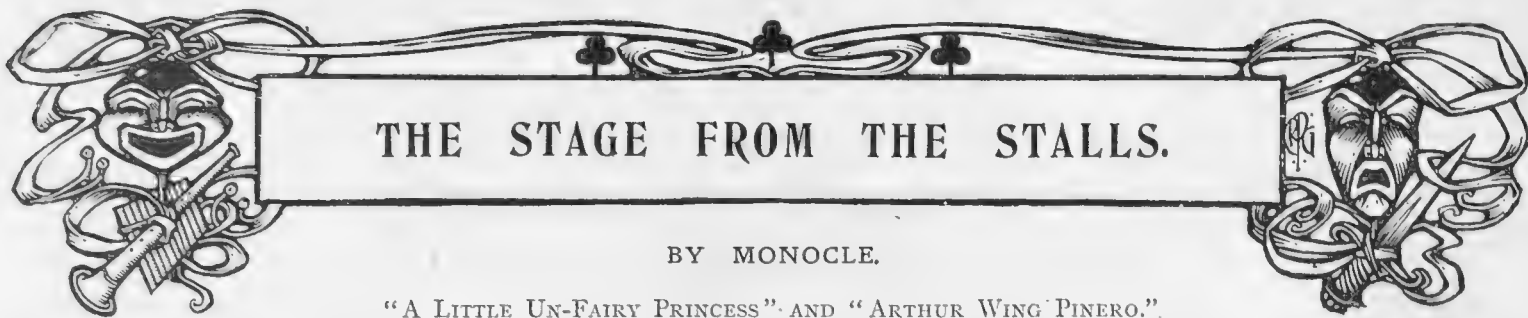


RAISING THE DOUGH.



ONE OF THE BIG MACHINE OVENS: IT BAKES TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY LOAVES EVERY HALF-HOUR.

*Photographs by Lazarnick, New York.*



## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY MONOCLE.

"A LITTLE UN-FAIRY PRINCESS" AND "ARTHUR WING PINERO."

ONE could hardly expect that Mrs. Hodgson Burnett would give us another piece so delightful as "Little Lord Fauntleroy"; but, even if "A Little Un-Fairy Princess" falls short of the earlier play in charm, it has no little merit, and forms an agreeable entertainment to those who have no objection to shedding tears. I am not of the number, since I find that, after I have shed tears in the theatre, I am the possessor of a headache, and sometimes of an agitated but ineffective liver. Yet I cannot refuse tears when they are well called for, and, although in some respects the new piece is artificial and extravagant, there are moments of real pathos in the story of the plucky little girl who is cheerful under cruel circumstances that forced me to my handkerchief. How much the pathos was due to the writing and how much to the remarkable acting of Miss Beatrice Terry, it is hard to say. To find a parallel with her performance, I think one must go back to the days when Miss Vera Beringer—now an able, intelligent, young, grown-up player—was fascinating people as a child-actress in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." It sounds unfair to express the doubt as to how the merit is to be apportioned. The author, with a show of reason, may pretend that no one playing a part loyally can get anything out of it save what is in it, and that all the effects, whether of mirth or sadness, must be inherent in the lines or the situations. Of course, in a sense, this must be true; but on the other hand comes the point that, if a part is not very well written, the full effect cannot be given by a player of average calibre. This topic, however, is perhaps more germane to my second subject this week, Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's book on Pinero.

Certainly Mrs. Burnett has written a very clever Act of merriment in the school revels, and throughout shown great skill in making her children seem like children and not like the mannikins of the stage, generally very odious. The grown-up people are not handled quite as well, and seem purely conventional: one reason, no doubt, why Miss Mary Rorke—who can forget her charming work in "Fauntleroy"?—and Mr. Beveridge, though they acted skilfully, could make no very great impression on the audience. After all, the really important matter of the piece is Miss Beatrice Terry, and it must be observed that she is no longer a child-actress playing herself, but a young lady well in her teens, or, perhaps, nearly out of them, acting the part of a little girl; and this renders her delightful work the more remarkable.

A few years ago, the idea that a literary man of standing could write a serious study in a volume all by itself of a living native dramatist would have seemed almost absurd. Indeed, one might have doubted the good faith of the work and imagined it to be merely a gigantic puff. Nevertheless, it is clear that the book called "Arthur Wing Pinero, Playwright: A Study," is in no way due to any suggestion of the dramatist. For Mr. Hamilton Fyfe has not written what is commonly called an "appreciation," but a critical work in many respects by no means eulogistic. It is quite a pleasant surprise to be convinced of the fact that we have a dramatist worthy of such a thorough study, and I have found the book very interesting, not only because it contains much acute criticism, but also because it gives a clear and comprehensive idea about our leading writer of plays. Mr. Fyfe describes him as "playwright"; it is uncertain, however, whether he is drawing a fine distinction in using this term instead of the more grandiloquent word "dramatist." One feature of the book relates to the topic I was discussing above. Mr. Fyfe says: "Mr. Pinero, like Dr. Ibsen, is an actor's dramatist. His plays never fail to offer to his players notable opportunities for the exercise of their art. . . . The persons in his plays are so real that in many pieces they 'play themselves,' as the phrase goes. To adopt another idiom, they are actor-proof parts. Failure in them is scarcely possible." It is not clear that, in making these true observations, Mr. Fyfe sees the full importance of them. To me, the fact he mentions is interestingly indicative of the attitude of the dramatist to the stage. Commonplace pieces with "star" parts are useless, save in the hands of players of extraordinary powers, and many, perhaps most, playwrights work with the idea as well as hope that their pieces will be acted by a cast of more than average strength. In other words, they treat the playing and not the play as the matter of primary importance. No doubt, they act upon a theory accepted by the public and seriously prejudicial to the drama. The common phrase is not, "Have you seen such and such a play?" but "Have you seen Mr. X. or Miss Y. in such and such a piece?" and the drama is considered merely a vehicle for the acting. Now, Mr. Pinero's best plays seem written almost without regard to the acting; yet we all know that he is very particular in choice of players for his pieces, and, no doubt, he often has a certain actor or actress in his mind when writing a particular part. Broadly

speaking, his intention is that the character shall live by its inherent force, and not by the accident of its having an extraordinary performance. The good actor is good enough for his play—though, of course, the better is better—and the sum of it all is that he clings to the idea that the players are the mere vehicles for the exhibition of his pieces. This is one reason why the plays read well, and the reason why the parts act themselves. To demand a player of genius for a character is some evidence that the character has not been written by a genius. The word "genius" is not, I think, employed by Mr. Fyfe in his book in respect of Mr. Pinero. He has paid the dramatist the industrious compliment of studying his works thoroughly, and bringing to bear on his study the resources of a well-ordered, well-furnished mind, and has avoided the idle compliment of using hyper-eulogistic adjectives concerning him. Speaking of early works, he makes these remarks, which I think profoundly true: "There was in Mr. Pinero's first attempts scarcely anything that marked him out as a playwright of particular promise, no evidence of a superior talent, not even exceptional dexterity. He was not one of Nature's favoured children. . . . His writing never seems to have been done easily. You can always find in it evidence of effort, of patient labour."

Several interesting questions are discussed by Mr. Fyfe; for instance, in connection with "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," he remarks concerning the suicide of Paula: "This was another concession, surely, to the fashion which demands that plays should come to some definite conclusion. . . . Suicide ought only to be permitted in fiction to characters which may justly be regarded as heroic. It ought not to be allowed to dignify weak characters which have no heroic elements about them. . . . I quite admit that neither the average reader of books nor the average spectator of plays likes to be left with a problem unsolved." It is noteworthy that in his last work, "Iris," Mr. Pinero has taken his courage in his hands and not even hinted at a solution of the problem, and this may have worked against its popularity. Certainly until our dramatists can force the public to accept the inconclusive conclusion, many splendid themes must be left unhandled or mutilated by a false happy-ever-after or by a death which is merely a dissolution, though it pretends to be a solution. Unfortunately, remarks like this assume, fallaciously, that there exists a real public for seriously conceived drama. Mr. Fyfe seems to think that this public exists, for he says: "By this time, I fancy, the class of theatre-goers has been sufficiently leavened by persons of wider culture and keener intelligence to provide as many audiences as would make a play like 'The Hobby-Horse' a success instead of a failure." Elsewhere, however, speaking of "The Benefit of the Doubt," he remarks that "it ran about a hundred nights, which is as much as most really good plays can expect to do." If this latter statement be correct, and I fear it is, we are in a bad way, since dramatists will hardly write plays likely to run only a hundred nights. For the remarkable rise in salaries of players and increase of theatre-rents, apart from the question of the absurd cost of modern productions, will prevent Managers from presenting pieces not expected to run more than a hundred nights, and, of course, not unlikely to run less.

Since it appears that there is to be a second edition of the book, I should like to point out one or two topics or matters of curiosity with which Mr. Fyfe might deal. In the first place, he might answer the question why several Managements of first-class importance have never presented a Pinero play. Three of them that will occur to everyone are the Irving, the Beerbohm Tree, and the Maude and Harrison. Of course, I am mindful of the fact that three one-Act works were given at the Lyceum in 1881, or earlier; but they hardly need be counted. Perhaps it is mere vulgar curiosity that prompts the question. Another matter of interest is one of technique. Mr. Fyfe refers, though not strongly, to the influence of Ibsen upon our dramatist, but it would be interesting to know how far this influence has affected the actual method of the writer who is now our most skilful craftsman. Lastly, there is the question of an index. A book of so much value deserves one. I may mention that, from the bibliography added to the book, it appears that thirty-four plays by Mr. Pinero have been presented since 1877, of which, I believe, only five may be called "curtain-raisers"; of the thirty-four, apparently but two, "The Ironmaster" and "Mayfair," were adaptations. It would be interesting to know the length of the runs respectively enjoyed by the plays on their original production in London.

In conclusion, I would say that the book, which is published by Greening and Co., Limited, is written in an agreeable style, and, though it shows hard thinking, is easy reading, and deserves the consideration of all those interested in our stage.





MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT AS DESDEMONA  
IN MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON'S REVIVAL OF "OTHELLO" AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

*Photograph by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.*

## BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS.

## XXI.—NAWORTH CASTLE.

NAWORTH CASTLE, most picturesque and noble of Border homesteads, was, it is known, the favourite dwelling-place of "Noble Howard, Belted Will"—in other words, the famous Border chieftain, Lord William Howard. Perhaps the most interesting portion of the wonderful old Castle is that tower still called by his name, and where may be seen the suite of small rooms which he inhabited in preference to more stately apartments and from whence he loved to gaze far away over the beautiful landscape.

Naworth Castle stands on a narrow triangle of land formed by two streams which run into the Irthing, and thus on three sides it is protected by deep gorges. There are few still inhabited buildings as ancient in the kingdom, for there seems no doubt that seven hundred years ago Naworth had already been for some time a place of defence—indeed, the Dacre Tower actually dates from the year 1332. In its present form, the Castle owes much to another Dacre, Lord Thomas. It was he who enclosed the great courtyard, built the noble Hall, and constructed the outer baillie—in a word, he transformed

more remarkable portrait of Oliver Cromwell, differing in many particulars from the usual grim paintings of the Lord Protector. At Naworth also is preserved the best known portrait of "Rare Ben Jonson," while in the Music Room is a contemporary portrait of Henry VIII.

After the Great Hall, the most remarkable apartment is the Library, formerly the Chapel of the Castle. Above the fireplace is a metal bas-relief showing a Border fight, of which the design was made by Burne-Jones. The Library is very literally lined with books, and there every student and reader may find something to his taste, for the collection includes volumes belonging to every period and almost, it might be said, in every language.

The tower where are situated the rooms which were fitted up and occupied by "Belted Will" is said to have been hardly touched throughout the progress of the ages, and it remains a unique memorial of what must have been the daily life and surroundings of a great noble of his day.



NAWORTH CASTLE.

*Photograph by Hastings.*

Naworth from what was probably a keep and tower into a formidable fortress. For a while—that is, under Elizabeth—the place fell more or less into decay, but "Belted Will" altered it into a commodious and comfortable dwelling, and there are still carefully preserved at Naworth many most curious and valuable relics of the Border noble who was both a born fighter and a born scholar.

Most unfortunately, and as seems to have been so frequent an occurrence early in the last century—in fact, early in the Victorian era—much of the interior of Naworth Castle was destroyed by fire. Still, the restoration has been wonderfully carried out, many beautiful artistic additions and improvements having been made by the present Earl and Countess of Carlisle, the former himself a fine artist.

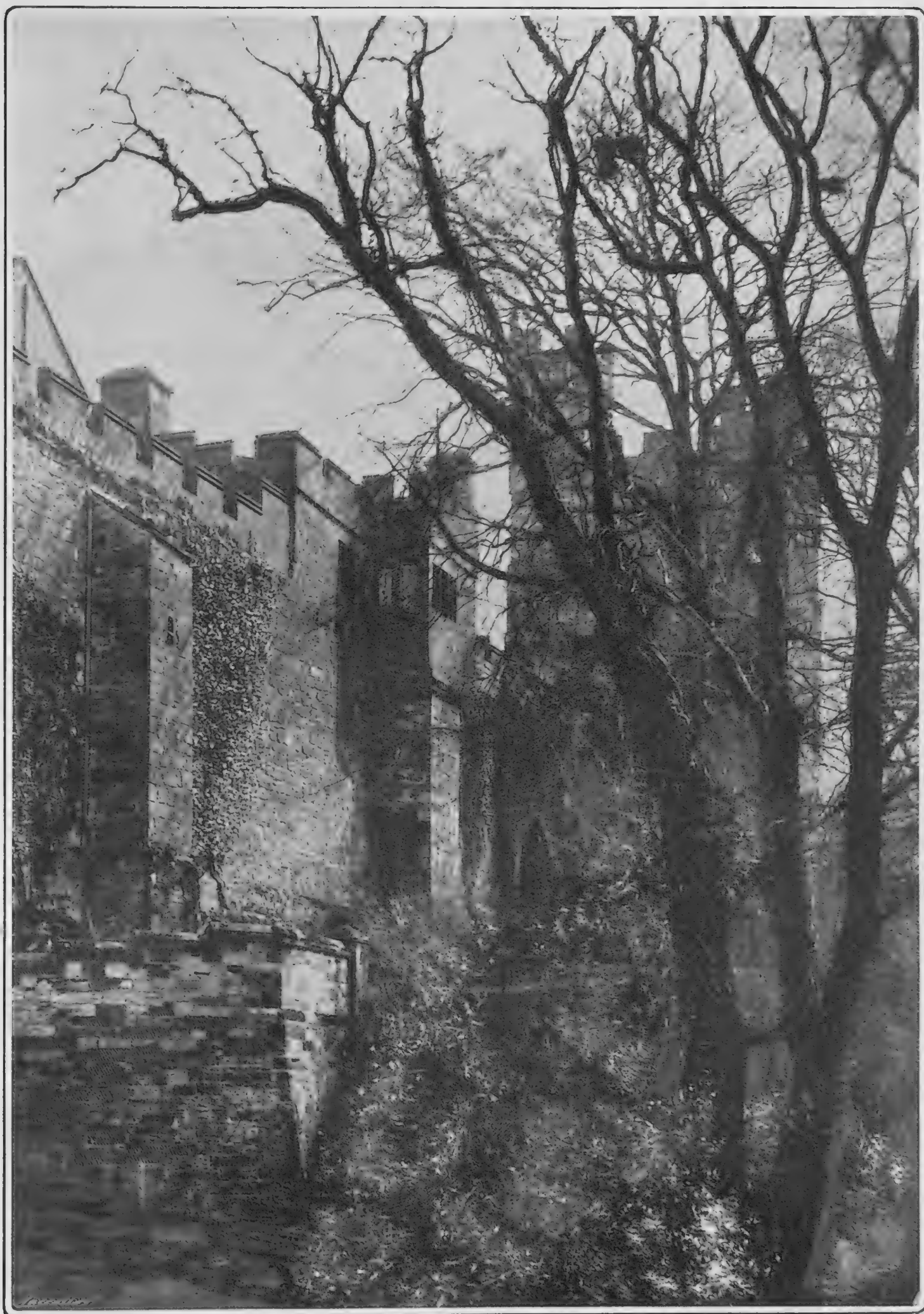
The Earldom of Carlisle dates from the Restoration, and the third Earl, who built Castle Howard, also caused several additions, notably a music-gallery, to be made to Naworth. The Great Hall, which is the most remarkable feature of the Castle, is very splendid and ornate in its proportions, and here, among other armour, is that suit which was once worn by "Belted Will," and which proves him, in spite of his reputation, to have been small and slight. In the Hall are also gathered together many priceless historical portraits, including one of Vandyck's best counterfeit presentments of Charles I., and an even

The present owner of Naworth bears out his family motto, "Volo non valeo," which may be rendered, "I rely on my will, not on brute force." It would be difficult to find even among his many cultivated brother Peers a man more fitted to be the owner of such a national treasure as this Border Castle, the more so that his considerable artistic gifts naturally proved of the greatest service in preserving and beautifying the picturesque stronghold which early passed into his possession and where he still spends a portion of the year. In Lady Carlisle, Lord Carlisle has a helpmeet as enthusiastically interested in everything that appertains to the history of Naworth as he is himself. In addition to Naworth, Lord Carlisle is the owner of Castle Howard, one of the most splendid of Yorkshire's country seats. There may be seen a curious pair of portraits connected with Naworth; that is, those of "Belted Will" and his wife, Elizabeth, the heiress of the Dacres, known in her day as "Bessy with the Braid Apron," in allusion to the breadth of her lands, which included Naworth Castle and the surrounding country.

Lord Carlisle has of late years been very generous in lending his principal art-treasures to the public, and his name is constantly alluded to the exhibits shown on the occasion of a great loan collection being gathered together in London.



BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES.



NAWORTH CASTLE, THE CUMBERLAND SEAT OF LORD AND LADY CARLISLE.

*Photograph by Hastings.*

## THE HON. C. S. ROLLS,

A MOTORIST WHO COMBINES WONDERFUL "DASH" WITH SUPERB SKILL.

IF ever an Act of Parliament be passed compelling motor-cars to display a name, which, as a means of identification, tickles the fancy more than a mere number, "Petrolls" will be the punning label affected by the son of Lord Llangattock. Already he has displayed this non-heraldic legend, this addendum to his coat-of-arms, when masking his identity in pseudonymous Club-runs promoted by the Automobile Club, and it would be hard to find a fitter appellation. It is a pet-name, it echoes his own patronymic, and savours of the spirit which moves him. One can hardly believe that the laughing, boyish head of the firm of C. S. Rolls and Co., who will store your car in the commodious *garage* at Lillie Hall, and, by a few magic touches, cure it of any automobilious disorders while you wait, or sell you a new Panhard hot from the banks of the Seine, can claim to be a pioneer in the motor-car development. But such is the case; and for proof he will point you to a framed summons adorning his office walls to attend and answer the charge of driving a mechanically propelled carriage on the highway without a preceding pedestrian waving a red flag. For in his undergraduate days, at Cambridge, "Charlie" Rolls became possessed of a  $3\frac{3}{4}$  horse-power Peugeot, before the passing of the motorists' emancipation Act, and he is one of the few who can boast of an automobilistic career commencing before it was legal to handle a car at all.

He was not long able to resist the attractions of motor-car competitions, his first efforts being in the Paris-Ostend race of 1898, and since then he has, as he modestly puts it, "got a few things" in various contests. Once he did a good deal of motor-cycling, but no longer touches that branch of the sport. He has figured in the annual classic races radiating from Paris. Last year, on the way to Vienna in full cry—which means moving indeed, on a modern racer, with a fearless expert at the helm—Mr. Rolls ran over a horseshoe when approaching a corner. Both the tyres on the outside wheels emptied with a hiss, and the uncontrollable car dived off the highway and felled a tree. "No damage beyond the bursting of a small blood-vessel in my wrist," said Mr. Rolls; "but it was the nearest approach to a serious accident I have ever enjoyed. You know, I have been killed, on paper, many times; and, when a trap returning from Barnet Fair last September crashed into me, I was assumed to be dying, and much consolatory correspondence was addressed to the nurse in charge of me at the local hospital, where, I am glad to say, I was not a patient." Bad luck has dogged Mr. Rolls in his efforts in these big races, for in 1901, in the Paris-Berlin contest, after starting thirty-third, he had worked through the crowd and was among the first three, when the water-tank fell on the axle and sprang a great group of leaks, which were with difficulty staunched with greasy rags, and while his amateur *mécanicien*, Mr. Claud Crompton, hung on to the tank with both hands, the pair completed the journey at half-speed, finishing, although displaced, and giving the lie to the professional repairers, who declared it to be impossible for the car to continue for a single mile. Next season he hopes to drive a racing Mors—which is the type on which he did so well in the speed-trials at Bexhill and Welbeck—with a greater share of good fortune in the race from Paris to Madrid.

Although racing opportunities are rare in this country, Mr. Rolls achieved the distinction of being the gold medallist in the celebrated Thousand Miles' Trial of the Automobile Club in 1900, that three weeks' pilgrimage when a crowd of cars toured, and were exhibited, on alternate days, throughout the length and breadth of the land. It was the first great demonstration in this country which established in the public mind the truth of the trite saying that the motor-car has come to stay, and Mr. Rolls was the one of all others who proved that his car had come to go. To be the head of that ever-memorable run would of itself preserve his name in the history of the development of the pastime.

As an influential missionary Mr. Rolls has few equals. Among the converts of whom he is most proud is his father, who from an attitude of hostility has gradually turned round until he has now a 12-horse-power Panhard on order. He claims also to have converted some of the most horse-devoted of his friends. It was when the Prince and Princess of Wales were his father's guests at his charming country seat, The Hendre, Monmouth, that he was able to instil into them the beginnings of an affection for motoring, taking their Royal Highnesses

daily trips hither and thither in the glorious district that surrounds his home. At Coronation time, when the Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania were in London, again he delighted to do the honours of the road by carrying his father's Royal guests whithersoever they wished to travel. Another time, when driving Baden-Powell, he contrived to elicit that the illustrious General was keen on the future possibilities of military motoring. Mr. Rolls is himself hopeful that the Automobile Volunteers, organised by Mr. Mark Mayhew, will develop into a useful arm of His Majesty's service. He has done duty at



THE HON. C. S. ROLLS ON HIS TEN HORSE-POWER PANHARD.

Aldershot, unofficially, as a conveyer of officers, and anticipates taking rank as an officer himself in the new A. V. Corps. A dozen or more trips to the clouds by balloon, chiefly with Mr. Frank Butler, have afforded him a foretaste of the locomotion of the distant future, but his upward flights have not slackened his zeal for the road. The air may be navigable some day, but the road is open and available to-day. There, one can find infinite fun and amusement; there, too, lie vast unexplored possibilities of an enormous expansion of business.

Mr. Rolls, in addition to his fondness for mechanics and his enthusiasm in regard to Club work (for he sits on the Executive and the Racing Committees of the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland), confessed to the charge of contributing to the literature of the subject. To him some of the most practical chapters in the Badminton book on Motoring are due, and to no one better could the compilers of the new volumes of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" turn when they wanted to add a chapter on modern automobilism to their monumental work of reference. One of the secrets of Mr. Rolls' success is that he has driven for thousands of miles without a *mécanicien*. Not otherwise will any motorist become self-reliant. The days are passed when it was a common feature of every drive to lie at least once on one's back under the car, but the training through which the pioneers went, with this exercise as but one item in their drill, has created a corps of experts among whom the Hon. C. S. Rolls is a distinguished leader.



"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

XXVII.—THE HON. C. S. ROLLS.



"WHAT'S THAT? 'SKETCH'? EH? OH, IF YOU LIKE."



"I'M JUST FAGGING UP SOME 'DETAILS OF MY CAREER.'"



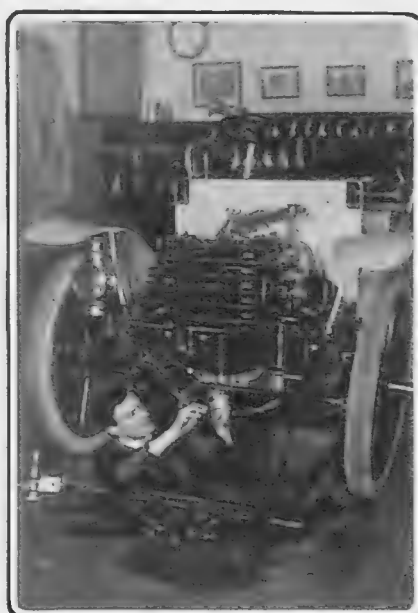
"EXCUSE ME ONE MOMENT: A CLIENT."



"NOW TO BUSINESS. THIS IS MY EXPERIMENT-ROOM."



"SOME THINGS, OF COURSE, I LEAVE TO OTHERS."



"BUT I ATTEND TO THE TRICKY BITS MYSELF."



"PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE A LITTLE RUN ROUND. I DON'T SUPPOSE I SHALL HURT YOU."



"INVIGORATING, ISN'T IT?"



"GOOD-BYE. I MUST BE AT THE CARLTON IN SEVEN MINUTES."







NON-SPORTING DOGS.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE most interesting part of the little volume entitled "Matthew Arnold's Note-books" (Smith, Elder) is the Preface by Arnold's daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Wodehouse. She explains that the selections are made from diaries extending over a period of thirty-seven years. They consist partly of extracts from books and partly of lists of books which Arnold wished to read. Mrs. Wodehouse has taken every fifth year of the note-books in a period from 1863 to 1888, along with some early entries. Arnold, writing on New Year's Day, 1882, says: "I am glad to find that in the past year I have at least accomplished more than usual in the way of reading the books which at the beginning of the year I had put down to be read. I always do this, and I do not expect to read all I put down, but sometimes I fall much too short of what I proposed, and this year things have been a good deal better. The importance of reading, not slight stuff to get through the time, but the best that has been written, forces itself upon me more and more every year I live; it is living in good company, the best company, and people are generally quite keen enough, or too keen, about doing that, yet they will not do it in the simplest and best manner, by reading." The passage chosen for Sunday, April 15, 1888, is: "Weep bitterly for the dead as he is worthy, and then comfort thyself, drive heaviness away; thou shalt not do him good, but hurt thyself." That Sunday afternoon he died suddenly. For the next Sunday, the Sunday after his burial, he had written: "When the dead is at rest, let his remembrance rest, and be comforted for him, when his spirit is departed from him."

The extracts illustrate the striking fixity of Arnold's outlook on the world and the limited and characteristic choice of his reading. From the beginning to the end he was attracted by passages that expressed simply and pithily a strong, resigned stoicism. He firmly believed in the necessity of first principles, and quotes more than once, "Semper aliquid certi proponendum est." The mood of his mind is well illustrated in the sentence also occurring more than once, "Be steadfast in thy covenant and be conversant therein, and wax old in thy work." His mood is perfectly rendered in the words "Ecce labora et noli contristari." From Clarendon he takes the dictum, "Clergymen understand the least and take the worst measure of human affairs of all mankind that can read and write." The lists of books chosen for reading are not very ambitious, and, as a rule, he did not accomplish more than half of his design. His firm, constant admiration for Goethe and the Swiss Protestant writer Vinet are noteworthy. When he went to America, he took with him some twenty books, and among them were works by both of these. The last list of books, meant to be read in the year he died, contains Rossetti's poems and Hardy's "Hand of Ethelberta," but neither was read. He managed, however, to peruse two stories of Fenimore Cooper, "The Pioneer" and "The Spy." "Robert Elsmere" also is marked as read. Altogether, there is something curiously thin and cold about the little volume. But, though Arnold read comparatively little, he read to purpose, and his students will be able to see in these pages his loyalty to his teachers and the bonds between him and them. On this account, Mrs. Wodehouse deserves to be heartily thanked for her pious labour.

They say that people make resolutions at the end of the year—resolutions about reading and other things. Most of us read very

little, and when we do read we read the books of the season. The greatest reader I ever knew told me that his average was seven hundred books a year; roughly speaking, two a day. Most of these books were read that they might be reviewed. Others furnished material for essays and books of criticism. It is plain that only a man who lives by literature, or who is free to do as he pleases, can read so much as this. A fair average for the ordinary person is twenty books a year. Might it not be well that, say, six of these should be standard works? The enterprise of some publishers—Messrs. Dent, Messrs. Methuen, Mr. Grant Richards, Messrs. Nelson, and many others—has given us amazingly cheap and excellent reprints in every class of literature. I understand that these have sold very largely, but how far they are read I cannot tell. It might be well worth while for us to pick out, say, six of the Temple Classics, and to read them carefully in the year 1903.



STUDIES BY W. D. ALMOND, R.I.—V. "WHEN ALL THE WORLD SEEMS FAIR."

I never met an American man of letters whom I did not like, with the solitary exception of the late Charles Dudley Warner. He seemed to me both pompous and commonplace, but I must have missed his finer qualities, for it was evident that he was regarded by those who knew him with real affection and respect. Messrs. Dodd, Mead, and Co., of New York, have sent me a posthumous volume of essays by Mr. Warner, entitled "Fashions in Literature." They are commonplace in a way, but they are full of common-sense, and, as common-sense is very uncommon, they, perhaps, reveal the secret of Mr. Warner's undoubted success. Speaking of literary crazes, Mr. Warner says, "Readers of middle age can recall the furore over Tupper, the extravagant expectations as to the brilliant essayist Gilfillan, the soon extinguished hopes of the poet Alexander Smith." He thinks that it is little less than a moral and intellectual sin to flounder about blindly in the flood of new publications. He shrewdly notes that, when a literary craze has passed, it is generally discernible that the author, not being of the first rank or of the second, has contributed to the world all he has to give in one book, and our time has been wasted on his other books.

Mr. Warner, who was himself a prosperous Editor in Hartford, deals with the difficult subject of the American newspaper. He thinks that the reporting department is the weakest in American journalism, and that there is just ground for the admitted public distrust of it. Long editorials he does not believe in. He thinks that they are not read as they once were, and he is sure that they have less influence. He condemns the London superstition that a certain space in the journal must be filled with editorial matter and that some of the editorials must be long, without any reference to the news or the necessity of comment on it, or the capacity of the Editor at the moment to fill the space with original matter that is readable.

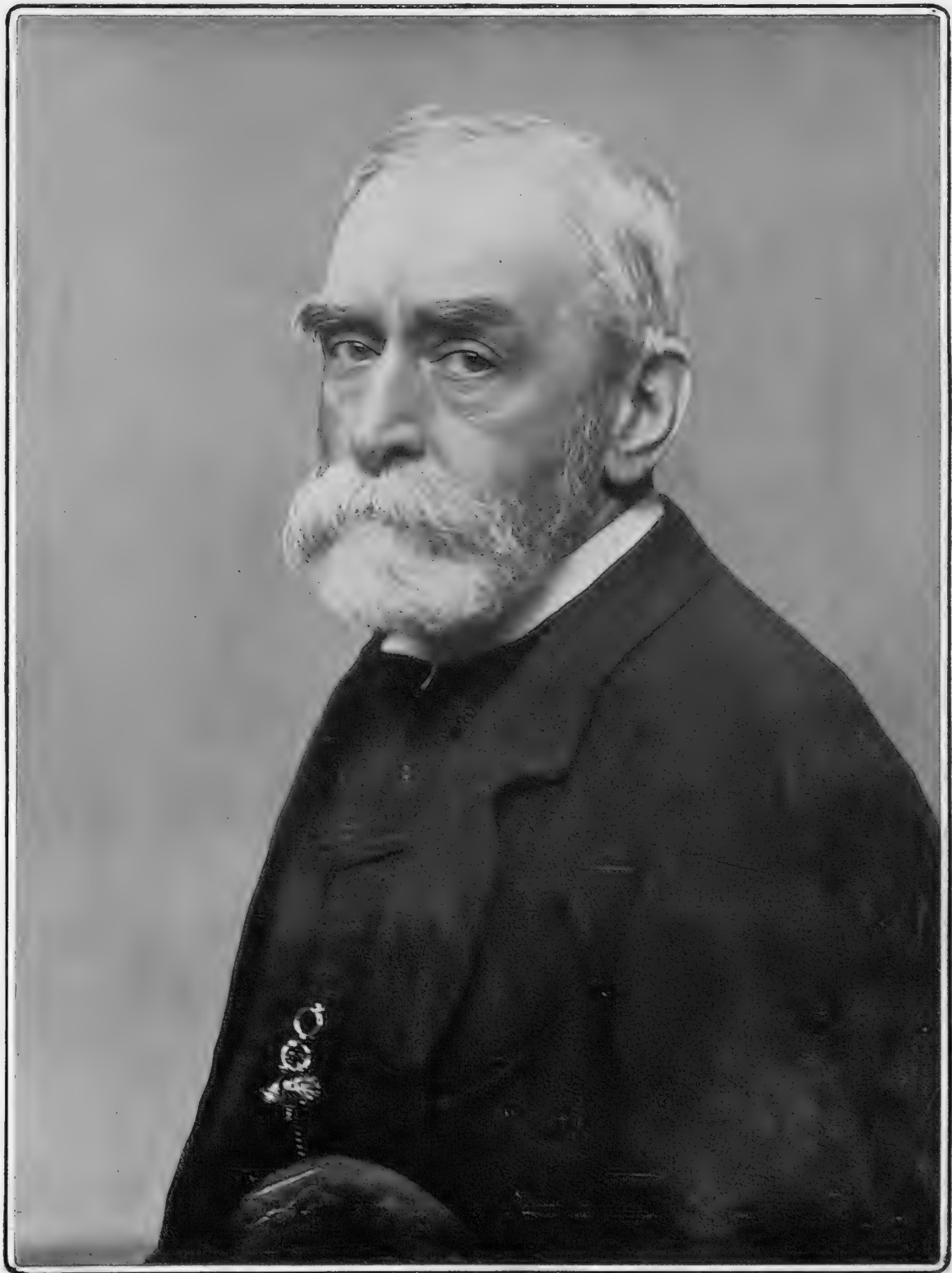
Mr. Warner's style is well illustrated in the sentence: "Saint and sinner both warm up to the doctor when the Judgment Day heaves in view." Nevertheless, he manages to say many sensible things about doctors and quacks, though he is most at home in literary questions. I agree with him in the opinion that an author's copyright should be perpetual. "He can own, and protect, and leave to his children and his children's children by will the manuscript paper on which he has written, and he should have equal right to leave to them that mental product which constitutes the true money value of his labour."—O, O,





ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:  
SOME PORTRAIT STUDIES OF ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.

*By E. H. Mills. (See "Small Talk of the Week.")*



I.—SIR EDWARD J. POYNTER. (PRESIDENT).

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:  
SOME PORTRAIT STUDIES OF ROYAL ACADEMICIANS



II.—SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA.



ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:  
SOME PORTRAIT STUDIES OF ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.



III.—MR. GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS.

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:  
SOME PORTRAIT STUDIES OF ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.



IV.—MR. LUKE FILDES.



## BUFFALO BILL'S BOYS AT DINNER.

**B**UFFALO BILL'S crowd of Indians, cowboys, scouts, Cossacks, and soldiers are provided with prodigious appetites. When recently in New York I attended one of their "feeds," the contractor and the Manager of the show were having an animated chat on the subject of the voracity of the troupe.

"Great Scott!" grumbled the contractor; "if those Indians were to take *apéritifs* or cocktails before dining, they'd eat the plates!"

"Yes," murmured the Manager, with a look of modest pleasure, "our happy little family is able to take sustenance."

"Sus—tenance!" hissed the contractor. "Do you call five hundred loaves of bread, five hundred bowls of soup, two thousand cups of tea and coffee, a ton of meat and vegetables, by the mild name of sustenance? Gorging or wolfing would fit the case better."

"You can't expect five hundred hearty soldiers, Indians, and cowboys to live on compressed food-tablets. My dear man, this isn't a pink tea!"

It was twelve o'clock, and the restaurant of Madison Square Garden suggested a red riot more than a pink tea. A score of long tables, covered with bright-red table-cloths, were set with plates, knives and forks, bowls for soup, and cups and saucers for tea and coffee. There had been green, yellow, and white paper napkins on the tables before the men sat down. Even now one could be seen sticking up here and there, adding a bit of colour to the picture.

There was little need of colour, though. It was a strange, picturesque dinner-party. At one table were the Mexican vaqueros, in silver-embroidered jackets and high, conical hats. Next to them were Cossacks, in fur caps, their tunics girt with broad cartridge-belts, and then came the Canadian Scouts and the American Artillerymen. Not one man in ten removed his hat, and the gathering of showy uniforms made a striking tableau. But the Indians struck the dominant note. They struck it in more ways than one, for they ate about double as much as any of the rest did. They seemed to number about a hundred.

The white-coated waiters who attended the tables of the white men looked cool and unruffled, but those charged with satisfying the hunger of the Indians were earning their own bread by the sweat of their brows.

"Tea up! Coffee up!" shouted the waiters who carried around gigantic tin pots containing these beverages; and there was always an echoing "Tea up!" or "Coffee up!" from the Indians.

"Look at 'Eagle Feather,'" said a weary waiter as a beaded chief withdrew his knife from his capacious mouth and beckoned with it for a fresh supply of coffee.

"Say, you'd better keep the can, hadn't you?" suggested the waiter; "this is your third."

"You observe," said the Manager, "the Indians have big bowls for their coffee. If they took it in cups, it would require two men to refill them as fast as they could go."

"The Indians have not napkins," I remarked.

"No. We gave them Japanese tinted-paper serviettes, but they stuck 'em in their hair and tied 'em round their necks as ornaments. They usually wipe their mouths with the backs of their hands, and so we knocked off napkins."

"Kilo! kilo!" grunted a big, painted warrior with a coat embroidered with bears'-teeth.

"That's their call for meat," explained a waiter. "We don't put

a menu on their table. We bring 'em a plate full of everything there is, and when they've devoured that, we bring 'em another, and so on till they fill up. By that time, I tell you, we've earned our wages. See that huge redskin down there waving his plate at me. He scalps that dish four times at each meal."

There was one young brave whose appetite differed from the rest. He seemed to dote on prunes. There were huge dishes of this wholesome fruit rising like monuments along the centre of the table. At some of the other tables the fact seemed to be appreciated that the prunes were intended for dessert, but the Indians ignored ceremony and speared a prune whenever there wasn't anything else to do. The waiters were so alert, however, that these idle moments were not numerous.

The cowboys over in a corner were juggling with a thick mutton stew and beef *à la mode*. One of them wore a red shirt which would have stopped an express-train or anything on earth but a Wild West appetite. He came in late.

"Tea or coffee?" demanded the waiter.

"Chocolate, with cream," replied the cowboy.

"With pleasure."

said the waiter, as he half filled the cup with tea and then added a dash of black coffee. "There you are!"

"Come back here, you flunkey!" roared the cowboy. "Come back here and let me give you a shampoo with this hair- tonic you've mixed up here."

"Oh, shut up!" pleasantly remarked his neighbour. "You ain't the only one that can have a joke. You began it. Ask pretty for your tea or coffee, and you'll get it."

"Never mind," soothingly, from another child of the plains. "There isn't any chocolate, but there'll be Vanilla ice-cream and sponge-cake to-night for all the dear boys that have been good."

I must say I never saw so much food and drink swallowed in so short a space of time. It was shovelled up, placed between their lips, and down it went. It was like posting letters.



COLONEL CODY ("BUFFALO BILL").

*Drawn from Life by Ralph Cleaver.*



## THE RIVALS.

LONG MAN : She's accepted me.

SHORT MAN : What, a lanky fellow like you ?

LONG MAN : Well, you see, I was on my knees at the time.



CHARACTERS FROM SHAKSPERE.

BY DUDLEY HARDY.



III.—ROMEO AND JULIET.

ROMEO: "FAREWELL, FAREWELL! ONE KISS, AND I'LL DESCEND."

## A NOVEL

IN

A NUTSHELL.

## THE FALL OF MINERVA.

By A. CONSTANCE SMEDLEY.

Illustrated by Ralph Cleaver.



"BUT, darling, I must be at the office to-morrow morning. I can't lose all my clients!"

"I've told you you're not to go back to-night."

"But I must, dear. Really!"

The speaker's voice verged on the plaintive.

"You can go in the morning. I don't mind you leaving me so much when the sun's shining and it's bright and cheerful."

"I shan't get in till afternoon then, and that means another whole day wasted. I must catch my train to-night."

"Then you'll have to turn right round the second we get up to my hotel and walk all these five dreary miles back to the station. And on this bitter night, without your dinner! You can't travel hundreds of miles without anything to eat. Don't be ridiculous!"

"I'll get something at the station."

Miss Dennison conveyed by her expression that she considered the resources of the station inadequate.

"You are not going to-night, dear."

"I must, pet."

"You are going to stay and eat a good dinner beside a blazing fire and have a real nice cosy evening. Just think how dull I'll be if you go and leave me all alone to listen to the howling of the hateful wind!"

"I'd give anything to stay, my own darling little girl; you know that as well as I do. I'll be down again for the week-end."

"Then you don't love me, and you never loved me!"

"Oh, my darling, don't begin all this! I've got to catch that train to-night, and nothing you can say or do will make me miss it."

"I'll never speak to you again if you go by it; I swear I won't."

"For God's sake, don't let's have another scene! I'm getting perfectly sick of it all!"

"Then why don't you turn right round and leave me? Why do you walk on beside me? Why do you stay engaged to me?"

"Because I'm a fool!"

As Miss Dennison could not consistently contradict this assertion, she confined herself to a dignified toss of her head, and continued to walk along the road in haughty silence.

A row of telegraph-poles stretched desolately before them, and the wind swept across the marsh and hummed mournfully along the wires. Far away, the sea boomed, and the sharp, white sand flew up from the road in stinging showers, so that Miss Dennison put her muff before her face as she battled onward. The man at her side strode on with downcast head, and hands rammed deep into the pockets of his overcoat. His cap, pulled low down over his frowning eyes, partly protected his face from the onslaught of the gale. He was a strong, thick-set man, and his expression resembled that of a well-beaten but desperately goaded dog.

A fat and cheeky gust of wind sent the girl's boa flying round her hat, and the man caught it just in time. As three miles had still to be traversed before they reached the hotel where Miss Dennison's people were staying, and Miss Dennison was of a chatty disposition, she welcomed this opportunity to break the silence.

"If I were a man, I should be perfectly ashamed to let a girl insult me and trample on me so! I don't know what sort of a husband you think you'll make!"

The man preserved a discreet silence.

"I always wished to marry a man I could look up to. Why, you can't have any self-respect at all!"

"You've done your best to kill it, haven't you?"

It is policy for the owner of the dog to maintain a firm hold if it resent chastisement. Miss Dennison tilted up her chin and assumed an air of intense and injured indignation.

"I have done my best to wake it up. If there is an insult which has power to rouse you, it is my misfortune and not my fault that I do not know it."

Miss Dennison's happy and fortunate betrothed looked down on her with patience that was tightly strained,

"Is there any object in quarrelling at this particular moment? The wind makes conversation rather an exertion; and though I assume the proper course for me to take is to turn on my heel and stride away for ever, I can't leave you to go home alone, you see."

"Why not?"

"The road's too lonely."

"Solitude is more companionable than you."

The more than happy object of Miss Dennison's affections hesitated, then decided not to answer.

A whirl of sand came hurtling to them up from the ground. Miss Dennison stopped dead. A hoarding stood on one side of the road, behind the iron railings. Tattered bills and posters fluttered from it miserably.

"Do come along, dear!" said the man.

Miss Dennison pressed her hands into her muff, and began an exhaustive study of the contents of the hoarding. The man took a few steps forward; he was of chivalrous disposition, but had been engaged six months to Miss Dennison.

"It will be dark in a few minutes!"

Miss Dennison continued to peruse the bills, pensive interest in every line of her arrested pose.

The man stood a few steps off, with a look on his face akin to that on the face of a nurse who waits for a more than usually spoilt child.

"Do you know, I'm beginning to think I've gone the wrong way about managing you?"

An involuntary dimple flashed and disappeared in Miss Dennison's carefully averted face. Her betrothed, however, saw only a still abstracted back.

"Suppose I were to take you at your word and leave you to walk home alone?"

"You are quite unmanly enough to do so!"

"Unmanly!"

"Is it manly to wait round after me, at my heels, like a little dog?"

"What, in heaven's name, do you want of me? If I rebel, you have hysterics and call me a brute!"

"Vivvella!" read Miss Dennison aloud. "What ridiculous waists girls have on fashion posters! Have you noticed?"

The man suppressed an exclamation.

"But that's rather a sweet blouse she's wearing. I wonder if I could remember it. I must make mental notes."

Miss Dennison rested her elbows on the railing and buried her chin in her muff, reflectively.

"If you think you are going to make me miss that train by dawdling in this insensate fashion, you are mistaken."

"Sweet sleeve!" murmured Miss Dennison. "I like the cuff so!"

"I shall simply leave you here, you know."

"But I can't see how it's put on. Oh, it's cut all in one with the sleeve!" said Miss Dennison, with a sudden burst of illumination. "Now, I must learn that!"

Miss Dennison redoubled the fixity of her gaze.

"I know perfectly well you hear everything I'm saying. Are you coming or aren't you?"

"I believe it's arranged with a gusset!" announced Miss Dennison.

The man opened his mouth, then suddenly turned on his heel and swung down the road. He had cut the Gordian knot. Miss Dennison must make her deliberate way home alone. He had gone back to the station and his city-bound train.

Miss Dennison found herself left staring at the hoarding in an attitude of mind that can only be described as one of stunned amazement. Then the dimples reappeared, and Miss Dennison smiled into her muff with an air of happy power.

"The further he goes, the further he'll have to come back, so I won't look round," said the astute and experienced Miss Dennison; "and the slower he is coming back, the surer he'll be of missing his train. If he thinks he's going to catch it to-night, when I want him to stay here, he's very much mistaken, the ridiculous old thing!"



Miss Dennison began to re-peruse the hoarding; it sheltered her pleasantly from the wind.

"A hundred pounds reward!"

An unassuming little notice caught her eyes. "Vivyella" as a subject is capable of exhaustion. Miss Dennison welcomed a change in literature with alacrity.

As she read, Miss Dennison's face portrayed a curious panorama of expression; her cheeks paled gradually. The little notice bore a crown, and was couched in terse and simple language; it was an earnest invitation to a one-eyed gentleman to return to his sorrowing friends and guardians at the convict prison across the marshes. It concluded with a thoughtful warning to lonely and unprotected travellers as to the gentleman's unprepossessing appearance and playful disposition.

Miss Dennison re-read the bill with interest no longer histrionic. The sea-mist was rising on the marshes. The autumn dusk was closing in. The charms of meditation in the lonely landscape seemed suddenly to have lost their savour. Miss Dennison looked up and down the road; her despised betrothed had vanished into the mist.

The lights of the station glimmered vaguely far on the horizon. On the other side, three miles of deserted road lay between her and her hotel. In the direction of the station lay nearer safety—but humiliation; for well did Miss Dennison know that her strength lay in her invulnerability. Let her once lay down her sceptre and her reign of tyranny was over for ever. For six months she had enjoyed despotism; was she now to eat humble-pie and cry out for protection? With Napoleonic resolution, Miss Dennison turned in the direction of the hotel.

She took five steps; then, far away on the distant marshland, she saw a moving shadow. For the first moment she assured herself it was but a fantasy of her imagination. Then the shadow came nearer and resolved itself into a human figure—a shuffling, clumsy, furtive figure, creeping with bent head along the wall which separated the barren pastures. Miss Dennison stood, arrested. The wind moaned and whistled round the hoarding, but she heard it not. Her eyes were fixed on the strange figure advancing from the mists. Presently it hesitated and stopped short. Had it seen her?

Suddenly, with cat-like swiftiness, the figure left the shelter of the wall, and, still with downcast head, struck out into the open field. With curious, swift strides, it was covering the intervening ground; in a few minutes it would strike the open road beside her.

Miss Dennison cast one wild glance along the road in vain. Then, with a sudden shriek, she was beating a retreat towards the station as fast as fear and the kindly wind could carry her.

Somewhere behind her a hoarse voice shouted; somewhere behind her heavy footsteps hastened. With blind eyes, Miss Dennison fled on. Now the lights of the station twinkled in the distance; now the downward hill was gained which led there. Now—oh, rapture!—a tall, broad-shouldered, and despised betrothed turned and stood amazed in the roadway, to see Minerva fallen from her pedestal and running after him!

"Save me!" said Miss Dennison, and flung herself, penitent, submissive, breathless, in his arms.

"For God's sake, darling, here's someone coming past! Wait a second till he's passed us!"

Miss Dennison's betrothed, though a lover, was an Englishman.

Miss Dennison opened her eyes faintly.

"He's got your boa. See, he's coming up to you."

Two embarrassed young people stood still while a still more embarrassed policeman approached them sheepishly.

"I called to the young lady, but you didn't seem to hear, Miss. You dropped it just by hoarding. I was coming across marsh and I see the wind take it, and I caught it as it flew across the railings yonder."

Miss Dennison smiled whitely; Miss Dennison's betrothed thanked the policeman more substantially. The policeman continued to the station with contentment in his tread.

"Now, darling," said Miss Dennison's betrothed.

"Oh, don't be angry!" said a suddenly abject despot. "I'll never be horrid again. I'll always do exactly what you tell me. Only, darling, darling, darling, don't leave me to go home along that dreadful, dreadful road alone!"

"My poor, frightened little girl! What a brute I've been!"

"You have rather," confessed Miss Dennison.

Along the lonely road two lovers loitered. The wind swept merrily above them and around them, all unheeded.

Miss Dennison's face was screened from the rough blast, her head was hidden penitently against a sheltering arm.

And, as they walked along, Miss Dennison's betrothed concluded a kind and decisive conversation in which Miss Dennison played an astonishingly contrite and secondary part.

"And you understand, dear, there are to be no more of these ridiculous quarrels?"

"No, darling. I'll do whatever you wish."

"The man must always be the head. I've been foolish to give in to you so weakly. It's been as much my fault as yours."

"Yes, dear, it has."

"But you have been very inconsiderate."

"A woman is always more in love than a man."

"A man has duties which he must fulfil."

"Yes, darling, and it's very wonderful and beautiful of him to neglect them for a woman's sake! A silly, cowardly, selfish, unattractive girl!"

Miss Dennison's betrothed refuted such an appreciation of her character with warmth.

"Please!" said Miss Dennison. "The hotel people will see us."

The brilliant façade of the hotel shone out suddenly behind the hill. Miss Dennison and her betrothed walked decorously up the drive, where her anxious people welcomed them from the piazza. Miss Dennison conducted her betrothed in triumph into the hall.

Late that evening, Miss Dennison and her betrothed concluded another conversation of a similar nature.

"And you'll be down at half-past seven in the morning to give me my breakfast?"

"Yes, sweetheart."

"And you'll take me to the station?"

"Yes, darling."

"And always do exactly as I tell you?"

"Yes, my own."

Miss Dennison hesitated. Then she ascended the stair pensively, while her betrothed stood at the bottom and watched adoringly. At the turn of the baluster, she paused, candle in hand. The light shone on her sweet and saint-like profile.

"But, all the same," said Miss Dennison, "you must admit you did not catch that train."

THE END.



"Save me!" said Miss Dennison, and flung herself, penitent, submissive, breathless, in his arms.

"THE FALL OF MINERVA."



## III.

I SELDOM or never stay in Monte Carlo when passing a month or two in the South. In the first place, it is intended for foreign Princes, Railway Kings, millionaires of every variety, from the pork-packing to the mine-owning and trust-making species; for company promoters and other distinguished folk—not for journalists.

Money flows like water; the price of a thing and its value have no appreciable relationship to each other, and all roads lead to the Salle de Jeu. You cannot escape from the tables, from the gaudy, over-decorated rooms whose windows are blinded against the light, where one hears no sounds save the clink of gold, the rustle of notes, the half-suppressed gasps of excitement, and the voices of the impassive croupiers: "Messieurs, faites vos jeux. Rien ne va plus." To the born gambler it is all delightfully exciting, for the rest of the world a little goes a long way. There are times when everybody must be moved by the

its patrons at the last moment that they will not take place owing to rehearsals. So time-honoured is this joke that a board, with the announcement to this effect painted in gold letters and rather the worse for constant use, is hung up in the hall. When admission has to be paid for, rehearsals never interfere with the concert.

Though the attractions of roulette and trente-et-quarante cannot appeal to all of us, it must be confessed that the human interest of the great Casino never palls. Doubtless the crowd is always changing, and yet, in many respects, it never changes—one moves in a world of men and women that can never be met elsewhere. Outside the Casino they are swallowed up; they leave a multitude and pass unnoticed unless you are looking for them. In the rooms the gamblers of both sexes dominate the company. The curious folk who have come in to see what it is all like, the unhappy fools who hope to find the right number with money they can't spare—these are all absorbed and go unnoticed together with the most ravishing toilettes that ever came out of Paris. The play's the thing. For the true gambler there is no beauty in the Casino gardens or in the many-coloured Mediterranean below them; there is nothing in the light of day that makes him intolerant of the lamps and electroliers. Léon Jélien's orchestra has no music for him like the rattle of the marble as it seeks to find a temporary resting-place in one of the numbered divisions, or the curious swish of the cards that are dealt in the other rooms. Meals are an awkward necessity to be bolted as quickly as may be in the nearest restaurant, sleep has been reduced happily by the introduction of the *cercle privé*, where very high play may be followed into the small hours after the rest of the Casino has closed its doors. Your genuine gambler finds his pleasure in playing; the mere winning and losing are incidents of the game. He can never win enough to make him leave the tables, and seldom lose enough to keep him away from them for long.

I am well content to be an interested spectator of life's little ironies and the people affected by them in the Casino's gambling-rooms, and to watch the strange fate of bank-notes and gold that seem to have lost their original uses and to be just the counters in a game. Doubtless, every man has a little gambling instinct, but before I go to the Casino I walk round the town, admire the beautiful gardens, the well-kept streets. Then I look at the arrangements for operas and concerts, pay a visit to the reading-room, consider the flunkies in gorgeous liveries, who toil not neither do they spin. And I remember that all these and many other luxuries that will not bear naming so readily are paid by the gaming-rooms, that the enormous subsidy of the deep-sea-fishing Prince of Monaco comes from the same source, and that a very large capital of the Company owning the Casino has to receive satisfactory dividends. Having considered these things, I go into the gambling-rooms and watch the players, but when the croupiers invite visitors to take part in the game, I ignore the invitation.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

play, but these times seldom come in December. At present, play is not very high, and during the afternoons there is more silver than gold on the tables, and consequently more anxiety among the players. This may sound odd, but it is true. The people who are playing rather gingerly with five-franc pieces cannot afford to lose many of them. When their luck is out, they make little plunges to extricate themselves and fall deeper into difficulties. Only yesterday evening, I watched a young Frenchman lose fifty francs in about eight coups and go out of the room white to the lips, in deep distress. Elderly men with little piles of notes and gold before them were losing or winning from ten to forty pounds in a single coup with easy indifference. Best of all gamblers are the Russians. I have always noticed that their self-control is complete under all circumstances.

Monte Carlo does not alter much as the years go on. The hotels build new wings and the restaurants imitate them; the always growing number of rich visitors keeps prices as high as ever, in spite of the increased accommodation. The Administration gravely advertises certain free concerts, and as gravely notifies

THE  
PLAY'S  
THE  
THING





# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE playgoing public is very well acquainted with Courtice Pounds as actor, singer, and, on occasion, dancer. To-day I am able to bring him forward in yet another rôle, namely, that of artist. The charming little sketch reproduced on this page is a portrait of Mr. Holbrook Blinn as Jaques, and was executed by



A DRESSING-ROOM SKETCH BY  
MR. COURTICE POUNDS.

Mr. Pounds in their dressing-room at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, during the recent revival of "As You Like It." By the way, I am delighted to hear that the third occupant of that cheery dressing-room, Mr. Gerald Lawrence, has been secured by Sir Henry Irving for a lengthy season. Mr. Lawrence is certainly one of the best "juvenile leads" on the English stage.

It is not so many weeks ago that I forewarned *Sketch* readers who are at all interested in matters dramatic to prepare to find London bombarded with sundry plays of the so-called "religious" sort. One of these, Mr. Laurence Housman's "Nativity" play, has come and has (*pro tem.*) gone, after certain additional performances in consequence of the extra demand for seats.

Another, namely, "Mary of Magdala" (still being played with enormous success in America by Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske), may, I learn, be expected to arrive in London very soon. Yet a third of even a more daring kind is threatened.

In the meantime I have to tell you that the very next "religious" play to be presented to those who care to go in for such fare is the dramatisation of "Paradise Lost," of the existence and threatened production of which I made mention in these columns a couple of months or so ago. Almost at the moment of going to press, I learn on the best authority, that of the adapter himself, that he is determined that his "Paradise Lost" drama—although it has just been forbidden by the Licensor of Plays for public consumption—shall forthwith be produced privately and at the dramatiser's own expense.

I may mention that the said dramatiser of John Milton's epic vows that expense shall not be considered in this connection. He even states that he will, at any cost, secure Pietro Mascagni—or some equally important composer—to compose what may, I suppose, be theatrically regarded as the "melos."

The truth of the proverb to the effect that it is always as well to have two strings to your bow has again been exemplified by Mr. Arthur Bourchier having, luckily, had Mr. Rutland Barrington's clever adaptation of Kingsley's "Water-Babies" on hand ready to put on for evening as well as afternoon presentation. It is owing to Mr. Bourchier's illness, which started a fortnight or so ago, having continued so obstinate that this arrangement to put on "Water-Babies" at night in place of "My Lady Virtue" had to be made. At the moment of writing, Mr. Bourchier is, instead of further worrying about his projected revival of "Othello" (of which many details were given in a long-previous *Sketch*), wisely packing up—or rather, being packed up—in order to seek what the author of "Othello" (that is, of the last version thereof) has called in another of his plays "a sea-change."

The next new plays to be vouchsafed to a West-End audience will be Messrs. J. T. Grein and Henry Hooton's adaptation of Uchard's drama, "La Fiammina," at a Prince of Wales' special matinée next Friday afternoon, and the new one-Act drama called "Edmund Kean," in which Mr. Seymour Hicks will enact the name-part at the Vaudeville next Saturday afternoon, at Messrs. Gatti and Frohman's first of four Vaudeville matinées in aid of the Distressed Poor of the Strand District.

This new "Kean" play, which is written by a lady, bears the same name as the adaptation which Mr. T. E. Pemberton made a few years ago for Mr. Edward Compton, of Dumas *père's* bombastic drama, called "Kean; ou, Génie en Désordre." Poor Edmund Kean, brilliant tragedian though he was, was often, alas, as much devoted to Drink as to Drama. I have, from my childhood up, read a good many narratives and plays written around him and his early privations and his later dissipations. I have not, however, yet met a proper fictional or dramatic utilisation of his bringing from America, like some pilgrim of old, a toe-bone of George Frederick Cooke, his once great tragic rival, and of his endeavouring, when in his cups, to compel his wife and his then son, the late Charles Kean, to kneel and pay adoring homage to that toe-bone. Yet, believe me, this is what "the Great Little Edmund" often sought to achieve.

I find that I was in error in saying last week that Mr. Lewis Waller intended to produce Mr. John Davidson's version of "Ruy Blas" in the early part of this year. While it is true that Mr. Waller proposes to make "Ruy Blas" his next production, there is little or no likelihood that it will be put on this season. "Monsieur Beaucaire" is doing such splendid business and the advance booking is so satisfactory that it will in all probability hold the boards at the Comedy till the summer vacation.

Chief among the good works of the Playgoers' Club is the fund for taking the poor children of the Metropolis to the pantomime. This year the scheme has undergone a further development, and it has been arranged to entertain five hundred of the little children engaged in the various Metropolitan pantomimes at a Christmas-tree Tea-party, to be held on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 1, at the London Hippodrome, which Mr. H. E. Moss has generously placed at the disposal of the Club for that purpose. Everything will be done to give the children a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon. Music and bonbons, tea and sweets, and the gifts on the Christmas-tree will engage the greater part of their attention, and a short address will be delivered by a well-known dignitary of the Church.

"Teddy" Payne's prowess as a cyclist is probably even greater than as a bull-fighter or jockey. In the photograph here reproduced, the



MESSRS. EDMUND PAYNE AND SONS, COMEDIANS.

Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

redoubtable "Teddy" is seen happily utilising his profound knowledge both of horseflesh and the iron steed for the benefit of himself and his promising olive-branches.

# KEY-NOTES

WITH concerts all but dead in London, not to bring their harmonious clamour again to the various concert-halls until the New Year has grown to be a customary thing, when it will not come with anything of a surprise to date a letter "1903"—under such silent circumstances, to what may, "Common Chord" turn for the "Key-notes" which occupy this page from week to week? London, indeed, may be silent, but there are other towns where the musician may still practise his art in public at this time, and, to go further, there are certain classical places where the music of Christmas and of the New Year attains to a particular and quite peculiar dignity, as a thing especially cultivated and made seasonable.

Music, for example, in Rome at Christmastide, ecclesiastical, and even, in a certain sense, conventional though it be, to a large extent, has so separate a character that "Common Chord" may give some attention in this column to it, since, in a flying visit, he has been able to re-acquaint himself with certain of its aspects. One's first thought turns to St. Peter's. Here, not only in the great Cathedral itself, but on its out skirts and in its wonderful Piazza, there is matter indeed for musical comment. The trooping peasantry that pipe and sing as they come down to the town on Christmas morning may not be technically impressive; but they have in their music the emotion which, in its simple sincerity, at all events, proves an untainted source from which the musician of a higher culture and of trained technique can draw much inspiration.

From such sources, at any rate, it seems abundantly clear that Arcangelo Corelli drew the inspiration of his noble Pastoral Music. Shorn of its technique, set free from its rule, this is the music of the Italian hills. A primitive music, you would say—and, indeed, it is; but it has a beauty which not all primitive things necessarily possess. There is, somewhere deep down in the Italian nature, a love of symmetry. If you sing a phrase "just so," he feels that you must have another immediately afterwards of the same nature to balance it. Now that is to be primitively musical; it is not necessary, in development, that this symmetrical balance should be kept; but it is necessary for a beginning. Thus it was that in civilised music Italy literally flew ahead in its operatic popularity; and thus it is perhaps that, to-day, when the primitive need for symmetry seems to have died out, at all events, among the Teutonic nations, the popularity of Bellini, Donizetti, *hoc genus omne*, has waned a good deal. Such lessons may be learned from primitive music primitively played on a dusky blue Christmas morning in the Eternal City.

On the other hand, there is some extremely fine ecclesiastical music to be heard in Rome at Christmastide. On the Saturday following Christmas Day, "Common Chord" heard the choir in the Canon's Chapel of St. Peter's. Some beautiful music of Allegri was sung, with a tenderness and a fulness of emotion that were altogether touching. It is true that there are certain elements in this singing which at times somewhat—and necessarily—jar upon one; but this need not be considered altogether too curiously. This singing of such music is a thing to remember for long; its peculiar reverence and melodious ease are qualities which belong to the essence, as it were, of this kind of interpretation. The acoustic of St. Peter's is extraordinarily fine; and there are not many experiences like that

of listening afar off, in the dim spaces, to music so admirably chosen, and so delicately understood by the singers.

As one is on the subject of Rome, a note may be made in connection with Mr. Henry Russell's decision to settle down in that city in pursuance of his work as a trainer of the human voice. Mr. Russell's position in London was, as everybody knows, one which, by all external criteria, must have been regarded as being of quite amazing success. His *clientèle* was enormous; and in the wealthy and fashionable world his influence as a teacher was, of its kind, unrivalled. Mr. Russell, it would seem, however, is an enthusiast; he has the profoundest belief in his theories—for he by no means entrusts his work to the "wheels of chance"; and he was convinced that London was not the place for the best that was in him. Whatever one voice-producer may say of another, this much must be allowed—that it required wonderful courage to break clean, and without hesitation, from a career that promised every good thing of this world and to set out in voluntary exile to Rome, where one is not stifled by convention or by the fashion and the whims of wealthy paymasters, and where, if one has an ideal of art, it can be worked out steadfastly, unbrokenly, and without mundane interference. Mr. Russell has a villa in the new quarter near the Vatican, and his studio is more centrally placed in the Foro Trajano, that gorgeous ruin of old Roman ambitions and old Roman ideals.

It will be interesting to see if Richard Strauss's wonderful tone-poem, "Ein Heldenleben," which was received the other day under the conductor's own bâton at the Queen's Hall with such mixed feelings, will push its way quickly or tardily as an avowed classic with the British public. That Mr. Henry Wood is determined to do his best by that amazing work is a matter about which there can be no doubt. Nor need anybody who believes in the success of serious art have any doubt that success and triumph will come eventually. That which is new must necessarily at first touch the amateur with some sentiment of strangeness—it is the way of all art; but this work is so novel that one need not be

COMMON CHORD.



MISS LILIAN ELDEE.

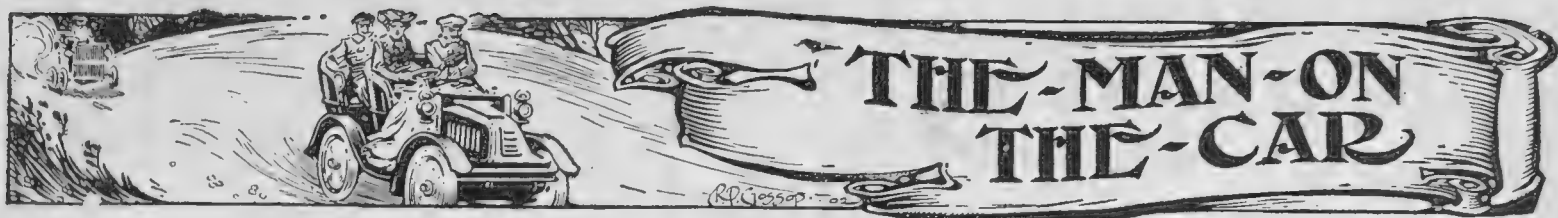
Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

vastly surprised if for some time the public attitude is that of those curious disciples of politeness who disturbed the Queen's Hall audience the other day by ostentatiously leaving in the middle of a movement. Its turn will come, as Galileo said, "E pur si muove."

MISS LILIAN ELDEE.

Musical comedy is yielding up another of its treasures to the legitimate in the attractive person of Miss Lilian Eldee, who makes her first appearance in comedy at the Prince of Wales' Theatre on Jan. 9 in Uchard's play, "Fiamma," specially translated for her by J. T. Grein and Henry Hooton. Despite her French *nom-de-guerre*, Miss Eldee is British born and bred, and is the daughter of Mrs. Archie Stuart-Wortley, who was once the popular comédienne Miss Nellie Bromley. Grand Opera was the first field Miss Eldee essayed to conquer, and on the Continent she sang all the leading soprano rôles, making a special success of Juliette in Stockholm. Miss Eldee's charming personality, musical voice, and engaging manners should go far to ensure her success in the new field of work she has chosen for herself.





*Royal Patronage—A Simple System—The Gordon Bennett Race—Numbering Fallacies—Prices.*

THE name of the King has been added to the list of Patrons of the Automobile Club of France, the other personages honouring the Club in a similar capacity being President Loubet and the King of the Belgians. The Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland has no list of Patrons, although provided with a decorative, aristocratic, and influential General Council. The King has always been a loyal supporter of British industry in his frequent purchases of automobiles made in this country, and it is well known that he is personally enthusiastic on the pastime, and the English Club would do well to endeavour to secure the privilege of such Royal favour as the King might be pleased to confer. As he has lent his name to the French Club, there can hardly be any difficulty in the way of the English Club receiving the same consideration.

The King of the Belgians purchased at the Paris Show the Pullman-like carriage which I described last week fitted to a 24 horse-power Mors car. The carriage-builders have conferred the name of "Roi d'Angleterre" on this particularly luxurious and elaborate type of closed body.

Roundly speaking, an electric brougham costs the equivalent of keeping a carriage and a stud of six horses, but the modern facilities for maintenance devised by Mr. Paris Singer in connection with the City and Suburban Electric Carriage Company at Niagara have a value not easily estimated comparatively. For a regular monthly tariff, you may have your car housed, cleaned, supplied with current, which is its very life-blood, driven, supervised, and insured. All you have to do is to ring up "Niagara," say you want it, and have it. That privilege of having a perfectly silent, swift, and stylish brougham instantly at service is one well worth paying liberally for, as it saves the nuisance of finding stabling, of having frequent visits from the auto-vet., and from the worry of keeping horses, which are but mortal beasts, fit and well for all weathers. The Queen, the Empress of Russia, the Duchess of Marlborough, the Countess of Essex, and Countess de Grey are among the habitual users of these electric broughams, and the Prince of Wales has just gone in for a larger type of motor-carriage, also electrically propelled.

There will, in all probability, be an eliminating race on the private park-roads belonging to the Duke of Portland at Welbeck next May, to select the third competitor who is to represent England in the Gordon Bennett Cup Race for 1903. Two Napiers have been nominated for the event, but the third place will be filled by the winner of a set of tests. A deposit of £500 was demanded by the Automobile Club in respect of aspirants to racing honours, by way of ensuring the entry of a reasonable car at the correct time. This thinned the list of talkers, and the only entrants for the eliminating races are a third Napier and a Star car, to be built at Wolverhampton by a firm which has not yet experimented in the manufacture of racing vehicles.

For this event the American Club has definitely entered, but the team is not finally fixed. Messrs. Winton and Owen are spoken of as likely participants. The French Club has challenged with two

Panhard and a Mors, leaving the selection of men till later, but there are two, at least, who cannot be overlooked—the Chevalier de Knyff and Henri Fournier. The vexed question of the locality is unsettled still. By Feb. 1 it must be fixed, by the rules governing the race, and the only way for it to be held in any part of the United Kingdom would be by a special Act of Parliament. It is rather doubtful whether the motorists' member, Mr. Montagu, will be able to persuade his friend, Mr. Arthur Balfour, to push so extraordinary a measure through as a Government Bill.

The French system of numbering cars is sometimes lauded to the skies as a cure for the misbehaviour of heedless automobilists, but the leaders of French opinion in motoring circles are advising English car-users to take warning and resist all efforts to force numbers on cars. Unfortunately, the leading men in this country are rent into antagonistic parties on the subject. A majority on the executive of the Automobile Club is in favour of numbering, or identification; but the Club as a

whole has not been given a chance of expressing its opinion, and Earl Russell voices the views of a very considerable section in scouting the proposals, and desiring to let the present evil of the legal limit work out its own damnation without our rushing to Parliament for the privilege of a higher limit bought at the price of a placard of identity.

That the system is vexatious may be shown by the case of M. Pernod, the President of the Automobile Club of Avignon. He was charged with furiously driving at a place five hundred miles from his home, and he was able to prove an alibi, the whole trouble arising from a mistake in the number. Such mistakes make it a nuisance for a busy man to be possessed of a car lest he be every now and then called upon

to prove that he was not the individual required to answer to the haphazard entry of a constable. Not only is there the risk of wrong numbers being taken down, but in serious cases when the system might be of use it lamentably fails. An old man was knocked down by a motoring cad in Paris, who drove away instead of helping. This was just the sort of case that a system of identification was to be valuable to prevent, but all the observers could do was to say its number was 79 something 4, and the ignorance of the third figure may, for all one knows, be aggravated by a positive error as to any of the other three. Anyhow, the identification failed completely when most needed.

Some critics are never so pleased as when harping on the superiority of foreign cars over those of English make, and say that abroad you can buy a nice car for £160, but that such a vehicle is not to be bought here. Even if "nice" is an appropriate term for such a car, the answer to the puzzle lies in the fact that there is such a demand for the highest class of car, from £300 to £1300, that English makers have not turned their attention to the little vehicles yet. Why should they pick small apples when big fruit is ripe? There is another complaint rife concerning prices, to the effect that a foreign car costs more here than abroad. Do not British cars also cost more abroad than here? Is it not also a fact that imported cars often exhibit features which make them differ, for the better, and therefore vary in price from those offered as nominally the same abroad?



COUNTESS DE GREY AND HER DAUGHTER, LADY JULIET LOWTHER, IN THEIR DOUBLE LANDAULETTE.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

*The Spring Entries—Horses to Follow—Obituary—Racing Clubs.*

THE entries for the Spring Handicaps will be published this week, and I believe last year's average will be beaten, although some of the fashionable stables do not now care to run their best animals before the Epsom Summer Meeting. The Lincolnshire Handicap, to be run on March 24, is certain to bring out the usual big field, and the prize will go to a well-trained horse, as this race always proves a survival of the fittest. The Carholme is not by any means an ideal course; yet the Lincoln Handicap is run over a very easy mile, and the race often falls to a sprinter. The Grand National is very likely to bring out a useful lot of jumpers this year, but I regret to hear that Ambush II. has been a source of some anxiety to Mr. Lushington. The King's chosen is, it seems, a little weak in the leg, and this would not do for the Grand National country. Shannon Lass is not yet fit, but may be on the day. "Horses for courses" is a useful wrinkle to remember at Liverpool, and the public generally follow animals which have been over the course before. The entries for the Great Metropolitan and City and Suburban are almost certain to be up to the average in the matter of quality, as the big owners like to see their colours carried at the Epsom Spring Meeting, where the betting is always good. The Chester Cup, too, is a very popular long-distance race, despite the peculiarities of the track. Mr. Mainwaring has done wonders for the Chester Meeting, thanks to the strong local patronage accorded the fixture. One of the most popular races of the year is the Kempton Park Jubilee Stakes. As the weights for this race do not appear before April 2, the entry should be a big one, and it goes without saying that the field will be a large one.

At the beginning of each year sporting-men generally set about to pick out a list of horses to follow. The public, as a rule, make idols of certain really good horses, and Sceptre, Rock Sand, William III., Mauvezin, The Solicitor, St. Maclou, and one or two others, are certain to be backed by little punters every time they go to the post. But the odds against any of those mentioned are not likely to be inviting. I think those backers who follow horses known to be fit and that have just missed scoring do the best in the long run. The late Mr. Sam Lewis used to always back horses carrying a penalty in handicaps, and in his day, when the handicappers were not perfect, the system paid well.

Racing has lost by death several good patrons of late. Following the death of Colonel McCalmont came the fatal accident to Mr. H. S. Sidney, one of the very few owners who raced under National Hunt Rules for the sake of the sport. Mr. Sidney trained and raced his own horses, and it was a pity that Encore, who caused his death, was a very bad jumper. The winter game could do with several owners of the Sidney type. The sudden death of Mr. K. H. Fry, the leviathan bookmaker, caused a great shock in racing circles, as he was a real pillar of the Turf. Mr. Fry had been ailing for some time, and it was a pity he did not retire from bookmaking about three years back. He was an exemplary man. He did not eat or drink in business hours, and was always to be found at his post offering the odds on either

current or future events. He was owed many thousands of pounds by young plungers who betted on the nod simply because they wanted money. Mr. Fry at one time of day was a very big speculator, and a plucky one, but the Americans took a lot of money out of his book over horses that had no chance of winning on form. The fatal accident to Mr. Tom White, of Epsom, was very sad. Mr. White was for years a racing expert. He compiled lists of winners for the evening papers, and was highly successful as a vaticinator. When he joined my staff, twenty years ago, the telegraph offices on the course did not open before eleven o'clock; now they are open at eight, and all the information is in type by 9.30. Mr. White had many friends among trainers, owners, backers, bookmakers, and racing officials. The death of Mr. Edward Weatherby was not unexpected, as he had for some time suffered with lung trouble. Deceased, who had exceeded the span, was until about a year ago the practical controller of the business at Old Burlington Street, and when he retired he was made an Honorary

Member of the Jockey Club. Mr. Edward Weatherby was for many years Official Handicapper to the Jockey Club, but he gave up the post after Alicante won the Cambridgeshire. He continued to act as Keeper of the Matchbook and Secretary of the Jockey Club until 1901. Mr. Weatherby was highly respected. He bred racehorses, and often captured bargains at the sales. The business at Old Burlington Street is now run by younger members of the family who display plenty of enterprise and administrative ability.

The Managers of the several Racing Clubs expect to fill their lists of members for 1903, as the War is over and sport will be better this year than it has been for two or three years past. I think it is a pity the pooling arrangement could not be

adopted under which one lump subscription would serve for, say, all the meetings held in the Metropolitan district, and one election serve for the lot. True, some Racing Clubs are more exclusive than others—why, I know not, as the time has arrived to accept the fact that "money does talk."

CAPTAIN COE.

## MISS SIEVIER AND BOBSIE.

Mr. R. Sievier is one of the best judges of a horse in the sporting world, and many will remember the confidence with which he predicted the victory of Sceptre in the St. Leger when racing-men thought she had very little chance. Bobsie is one of Mr. Sievier's lucky purchases. Originally bought by his owner to ride as a hack, he is such a fine jumper that he can hold his own in the best of company. Bobsie won the Hampton Steeplechase at Kempton on Dec. 26, and followed this up at Hurst Park on the 31st by carrying off the Perry Steeplechase. Miss Sievier is very fond of horses, and may often be seen riding her father's racers on the Wiltshire Downs, for she is a fearless rider. The photograph was taken at Shrewton, close to the training stables where Mr. Sievier himself supervises the preparation of his horses. Bobsie is by Oxlip—Doctrina, is "aged," and in his two recent victories was ridden by F. Mason.



MISS SIEVIER ON BOBSIE.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

I CAN honestly and sincerely aver that the New Year of 1903 was begun by at least one of the King's subjects with a great and glorious set of resolutions. To be silken and sweet-tempered was one, to be patient and persuasive another, to suffer and be strong a third—but why worry through my litany of alliteration any more?



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AN ELEGANT COSTUME OF VELVET AND CHINCHILLA.

Everything has gone by the board since then. I have been amazed, dismayed, affronted, astounded, indignant, betrayed, undone, and a variety of other past participles in turn, with, needless to add, one single cause, and that the domestic. Kitchen councils, no doubt, disagree with dining-room condemnations, and judgments are reversed with impartial ardour, but the universal tug-of-war that invariably ends in "parting" offers no sort of remedy for the present situation between mistress and maid. The ends are knotted up in the next house and the strain begins all over again after an interval of preliminary skirmishings. What will it end in, this impossible attitude of the present-day domestic, who "prefers" a place with electric light, two evenings out weekly, poultry and made dishes for her evening meal, and feels martyred if the door-bell rings while she discusses hot scones and strawberry-jam at tea-time? The position becomes daily more acute. Many women have already given up keeping house and gone to live at hotels in consequence of the ever-recurring servant question, and there is no doubt that the facility which Clubs and residential hostels afford everybody nowadays for "feeding out" is gradually sapping the once solid foundations of the "Englishman's Castle" in conjunction with the preposterous vagaries of its slunkies. In Australia the burning question has boiled itself down to the practical banishment of servitude. "Young persons" are so kind as to come in for a certain number of hours daily—say, from nine to eight—and, in return for a certain equivalent, are good enough to perform menial offices. On the stroke of eight, however, the "young person" becomes a lady at large, and

shakes the dust of household work from her disdainful high heels, leaving her whilom mistress in the dubious position of Alexander Selkirk. America is even worse. "Wild tales to cheat thee of a sigh"—or, more properly, to produce them—might be written of the amazingness of Sarah Jane across the "herring-pond." Nor is this delightful independence of the most Republican country in the world confined to kitchen precincts. In the shops, as here, a glorious assertiveness proves how everybody is as good as anybody else—and a great deal better, too. To quote one delicious example which actually occurred to some friends of mine within the month. These people, who are both wealthy and distinguished citizens of the chief Canadian city, called at New York in passing through from Europe, and wandered into one of the chiefest "Stores" in search of gloves. Having waited for some ten minutes, a passing haughty shopwalker was approached and gently reminded that gloves were in requisition. Assuming a Napoleonic air, this "preux Chevalier" called out in strident tones, "Is there any lady disengaged who can serve *this woman*?" Tableau and hasty exit of "woman" and party. This seems too impossible to have happened; yet it absolutely did, and within four mere weeks. But, after all, it is hardly more ludicrous than a personal experience of my own. Just before Christmas, I was casting about for the Toy Bazaar in some newly developed Stores, and asked for directions. "If you'll inquire from any of these gentlemen," vouchsafed a much-befrizzed young shopwoman, "they will direct you." The Immortals referred to were all busy cutting up oxen, being



[Copyright.]

A HANDSOME GOWN OF GREY CLOTH AND CHINCHILLA.

neatly aproned butchers. I didn't trouble them, partly because they were "gentlemen," but chiefly because the near vicinity of raw meat is not alluring.

That "most superior purzon" who rhymes with "George Nathaniel Curzon" succeeded in fluttering the artistic doves of the furnishing

world as represented by Tottenham Court Road quite considerably some days ago. In alluding at the Durbar in slighting terms to "Tottenham Court Road furniture," Sir Blundell Maple proves the Ineffable Viceroy to have been quite exquisitely involved and behind his times, inasmuch as the Viceregal Lodge itself, at "Lord Curzon's own order," has been furnished and carpeted by Maple, not to mention, moreover, the palaces of a dozen great Maharajahs of European education and innate good taste. Times and customs have changed indeed, as Sir Blundell Maple clearly points out, during the past twenty years. Art has awakened from her long sleep in England, and her administration is no longer in uncultured or ineffective hands. When such firms as Maple and Norman and Stacey stand at each end of Tottenham Court Road, the thoroughfare should surely be safeguarded from such incautious criticism. In both these cases, to name no others, the Managing Directors are men of culture and wide cognisance in affairs both furnishing and otherwise, whose audiences stretch even beyond this great Empire and who must be mightily amused at the implied impotence of "Tottenham Court Road" as contrasted with its actual world-wide influences of comfort and of craftsmanship in the present day.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. F. L. (Somerset).—You will find first-rate shops at San Remo for lingerie. Yes, Mrs. Forrester is, no doubt, good, but French needlewomen are unsurpassable, remember. I should certainly buy it out there. There is a good boot-shop—in fact, several—in the Rue Masséna, Nice, where you will also find deliciously dainty parasols. No trouble, I assure you.

J. (Cap Martin).—Of course, that part is a happy hunting-ground for adventurers, but you will find many others too. The shops are all good. If you are wise, you will spend your winnings in clothes instead of returning them to the tables. SYBIL.

#### NEW VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS.

The Great Northern Railway Company were the pioneers in England in the provision of dining-cars upon express trains, the first car



THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY'S NEW RESTAURANT-CAR.

having been introduced in November 1879. Since then matters have improved on all our railways, but the Great Northern have always been well to the fore. A notable and valuable addition to the carriage stock of the Company has just been made of two new corridor-trains with vestibule connections throughout for the completion of its service of restaurant-trains between London and Leeds and Bradford. Each carriage is constructed on two six-wheeled bogies, is fitted with the latest improvements in the way of heating apparatus, brakes, and ventilators, and the upholstery and lighting arrangements are of the most up-to-date and luxurious description. Indeed, the new trains, which were constructed in the Great Northern shops at Doncaster, from designs by and under the supervision of Mr. H. A. Ivatt, are probably unsurpassed in this country or on the Continent.

The Archduchess Maria Anna of Austria has just been betrothed to Prince Elias of Parma, the youngest son of Duke Robert of Parma and of the late Princess Maria Pia of Bourbon Sicily. The Archduchess is the second daughter of the Archduke Frederic and was born in 1882. Prince Elias was born in 1880 and is a Lieutenant in the Seventh Regiment of Austrian Dragoons.

The Welsbach Incandescent Gas Light Company, Limited, have within the past few weeks opened a magnificent new factory at Wandsworth, which they have had specially designed and erected for the production of the Welsbach mantles. The making of Welsbach mantles has now developed into a gigantic industry, and the extensive new works give daily employment to close upon a thousand girls. The purchaser of a Welsbach mantle probably little realises the great care and skill exercised in order to ensure its perfect lighting qualities. "More light, less cost," may be said to be the motto of the Company. A continuous improvement in its burners and mantles for many years now has brought incandescent lighting to its present high state of perfection, and it is claimed that the Welsbach light is superior to electricity, though its cost is comparatively infinitesimal.

#### A BRILLIANT WEDDING WEEK.

MANY years have gone by since a London January saw so many brilliant weddings as those which have enlivened town during the last day or two. Miss Madeleine Stanley and the Secretary of State for War chose the same church as did Miss Margot Tennant and the then Home Secretary; that is, St. George's, Hanover Square. St. George's has remained, in spite of fickle fashion, the leading matrimonial fane, and the stately though ugly old church has seen more distinguished gatherings than any other. Yesterday's couple, Lady Muriel Erskine and Major Charles Willoughby, selected St. Mark's, North Audley Street. Nothing is as yet decided as to the date of the marriage of Lady Sybil Primrose and Mr. Grant, but it is quite possible that this wedding will be celebrated in Scotland. Lord and Lady Crewe were, it will be remembered, married in Westminster Abbey.

The one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin must have been apparent when Mr. Chamberlain became the happy possessor of some fine Natal orchids. At one time the Colonial Secretary was never mentioned without some allusion to his favourite flower, and it was considered a signal proof of his devotion to his pretty bride-elect when on his wedding-day he wore, in place of an orchid, a bunch of white violets, these being the favourite flowers of Miss Endicott. Mr. Chamberlain is said to deny the soft impeachment that orchids are the only blossoms in which he takes any interest. He has always been passionately fond of roses, and among his friends the rosary of Highbury is quite as famous as is his principal orchid-house. The Postmaster-General, most devoted of sons, follows his father's example in the matter of buttonholes, and this custom certainly increases his striking resemblance to the Colonial Secretary.

Miss Constance Collier had occasion recently at the Playgoers' Club to thank Mr. Max Beerbohm for having spared the fair sex, but had she been addressing the caricaturists of *Vanity Fair*, she would no doubt have begged for the flattery of their notice, because their caricatures are almost invariably kind. This fact is strongly impressed on me by a study of the thirty-fourth series of the "*Vanity Fair* Album." The frontispiece of the volume is the cartoon "Heads of the Law," depicting ten of the most important Judges. A pathetic interest attaches to the inclusion of the late Archbishop of Canterbury's portrait, with the key-note of his character summed up in the one word "Just" beneath the picture. Other caricatures which are particularly successful are those of De Wet, the President of the United States (with the typical square head of the American), Sir Felix Semon, and "King Dick," otherwise the Right Honourable Richard John Seddon, who, perhaps, has not been quite so kindly treated as his fellow victims in this fascinating portrait gallery.

One of the most striking and most permanent features of the dinner given by the Queen to the soldiers' widows and orphans on Dec. 27, at the Alexandra Dining Rooms, was the presentation to the guests of a decorated box of chocolate bearing a medallion of Her Majesty in colours.

The boxes, which were, if possible, prettier and more dainty than those presented at the King's and Queen's Coronation banquets, were manufactured at Mansfield by Barringer, Wallis, and Manners. The chocolate used for the purpose was the well-known "Queen" quality, manufactured solely by Messrs. Rowntree and Co., of York, who also presented their Majesties with the whole of the chocolate given to their guests at the King's and Queen's Coronation dinner and tea. The national colours, red, white, and blue, predominate in the design on the boxes, in the centre of which is a lifelike portrait in colours of the Queen in an oval frame, surmounted by the Tudor Crown, and underneath the portrait the following words: "Christmas 1902: From Queen Alexandra." The gift was highly appreciated by the guests.

"Influenza, its Prevention and Cure," is the title of a little pamphlet which all should read now that insidious disease is so rife. Its author, Dr. Robert Bell, gives clear and explicit instructions as to the procedure to be followed to avoid the malady, and what to do if you have been unsuccessful in this. Incidentally, he mentions that "Oxo," as a supplement to one's ordinary diet, is a most valuable agent in the prevention of disease. This useful little booklet may be obtained free by writing to the "Oxo" Department, Liebig's Extract of Meat Company, Limited, 9, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C.

It is little wonder that "Wee Macgregor" has attained to a second edition. Published in the first place in the *Glasgow Evening Times*, and now in book form with a cover by that well-known *Sketch* artist, Mr. J. Hassall, these clever and entertaining sketches of the quaint little Scottish boy and his parents and other relations gain rather than lose by the "Glesca" dialect in which they are presented. John and Lizzie Robinson, "Wee Macgregor's" father and mother, are delightfully human characters, and one may well hope that the author, "J. J. B.," will give us something more in the same vein, for the "deeficulty" of the Scot in the matter of jokes is in this collection conspicuous only by its absence.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 13.*

## THE NEW YEAR.

AS everybody expected, the last Bank Return of the year was a very poor one, for the market had borrowed largely and the ratio of reserve to liabilities was abnormally low; but everybody is determined to begin the New Year in a cheerful frame of mind, and, looking beyond the next few weeks, the wisacres declare that the accumulations of capital must in the long run tell their own tale, unless some political complication—which may God forbid!—raises a fresh crop of troubles.

All last year the gilt-edged market was spoiled by the heavy claims of the Government for War purposes, and even more, perhaps, by the fears of still heavier claims to come. Now we know we have one loan to face in the spring, when Mr. Chamberlain comes home, and that then we shall have seen the end of it. There ought to be a distinct improvement in gilt-edged stocks during 1903, especially outside Consols, where the reduction of interest may bring out buyers on any reasonable improvement. One thing is pretty certain about the past year, and that is, the Banks have done a roaring trade at remunerative rates, and, as far as we can see, the prices of the leading shares have not improved as much as they might reasonably have been expected to do. It would not be unnatural if the next few weeks were to bring some buying in this direction.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

## The Stock Exchange.

This being the first occasion upon which I have the honour of saluting readers of my perambulations in *The Sketch*, perhaps those said readers will forgive the lateness of the day in which I cordially wish them a Prosperous New Year, many Prosperous New Years—yea, in the fulness of my charity, let me say Hundreds of Prosperous New Years. Of course, I know that the ill-natured curmudgeons who never look at this paper will immediately return my greeting with a sneer to the effect that the wish is half-a-dozen for my readers and six for myself. Abuse, we are told, is no argument, and therefore such a cheap reply may be lightly skated over; it shall not mar the heartiness of my New Year's sentiments. From present indications, it looks as though 1903 will be better, much better, than its predecessor. An air of cheerfulness reigns in the general markets, and there is much more business now going on in the investment and the speculative investment departments, which augurs well, at all events, for the broker, if not for the jobber tied down to one particular section.

The advance in Argentine Bonds and Argentine Railway stocks must be peculiarly gratifying to those who study *The Sketch*, for the cheapness of these things has been repeatedly borne in upon them of recent months, and I suppose there must be many who have followed the advice given. Those who should know how future events are likely to turn out tell me that the rise is far from over, and that it is still a perfectly legitimate speculation to buy Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary—"Rosey," as we call the stock—while nearly everything in the same group is going better. The same course is likely to be followed by the Argentine Bond list, and I should put the 1886 and the Funding Loans amongst the most attractive purchases at the moment. Needless to say, there are plenty of reasons to be urged against buying anything Argentine, but then, my dear sir, you can apply the same argument to any mortal stock or share that may be named. It is so very easy to condemn, and to find excellent reasons for condemning, a purchase of anything in the Stock Exchange; you have only to study the newspapers to see that. Nevertheless, we know quite well that there are some stocks and shares which will be standing at a higher level at the end of this year (supposing there to be standing-room left) than they do now, and the game which you and I play is to find those things. So I say that you can buy Argentine Bonds or Railways with impunity, in the very fair hope indeed of being able to realise at a good profit sooner or later—and probably sooner. Second-class investments are again returning to the fore, and it seems to me that the coming reduction in the Bank Rate will prove just what is necessary to bring them prominently into public notice.

How soon it will be before the Old Lady sees fit to lower her minimum is an open question, but the period of waiting can scarcely be a long one, if money continues as easy as it is at the present time. Much depends upon the condition of finance in the United States, but there the turn of the year seems to have brought the relief which was expected, and the way in which Yanks have been put along just lately goes to show that the purely money problems have been unravelled for the time being. So far as Lombard Street is concerned, the Bank Rate might be lowered to-morrow without disadvantage or inconvenience. Any Thursday, therefore, we may expect to see the grave and dignified Mr. Daniell mount the bench in front of the Consol bar and make the announcement that will be eagerly welcomed.

"Gentlemen!" he cries, and when a change in the Rate is anticipated he faces half the House, "Gentlemen! The Bank has reduced the Rate to — per cent." Then round and round the markets is the figure shouted, clerks dash off to the telegraph-offices and telephone-boxes, there is a wild spirit of excitement for a minute or two, and prices all round are moved "on the Bank Rate." Mr. Daniell, of course, is a member of the firm of Government brokers; than whom there are few held in higher respect throughout the Stock Exchange.

West Africans have at length commenced to move. The market can hardly be said to have broken out badly into bullishness, but there is an obvious desire on the part of certain folk to discount the result of the Wassau crushing. I was chatting to a fellow the other day who has been out to the West Coast three times within the past few years, and is going out again next month. He has nothing to do with the Wassau group, but, all the same, declares that on the result of the coming crushing

West Africans must stand or fall for the present. The figures will not be over for at least three months, and possibly the activity now being stirred up will turn out to be premature once more. Still, did I speculate, I would not mind having a few British Gold Coasts and Gold Coast Agencies, both of which hang upon the Wassau market, and from both of which a quick profit should be obtainable during the next six weeks. Mind you, I suggest these as a gamble only, and should not advise a Post Office clerk to put his hard-earned savings into such shares. The syndicates who hold West Africans in the hollow of their palms are, however, bent on having the market better, and bullish talk will be rampant for a while; the thing to avoid is running a profit too long. Don't be greedy and don't forget to job your shares, and you may make money out of the Jungle yet.

Speaking of syndicates reminds me of a rather apt definition which crops up in one of the present pantomimes. "What is a syndicate?" asks one. "A syndicate is a body of men surrounded by water," comes the reply, and although the neatness of the epigram was somewhat lost on the great body of the pittites, I saw lots of men smiling in other parts of the House. The pantomimes are all that is left to us of Christmas, and we have a little respite from the shopping articles that glared at us from every paper two or three weeks ago. I could almost write a specimen from memory. "And then I went to Messrs. Smith and Jones's, where they have the adorablest little gems that I ever saw! Nothing quite so unutterably sweet was ever made as these articles, so delightfully suitable for either a lady or gentleman! The price seemed so ridiculously cheap, too! Fancy getting an ink-pot for only five pounds!" And so on and so forth.

"Mr. Chamberlain," says my wife severely, "does not seem to be doing you much good." Such is the fruit of getting home unusually early to dinner. But certainly the Colonial Secretary is not helping us much at present. There are plenty of us connected with the Kaffir Circus who could write out a glorious speech for him to recite which should have the effect of bringing in the public hot foot to the market. I do not wish to quarrel with Mr. Chamberlain. Even if my politics are neither radically Conservative nor liberally Unionist, I am content to recognise the courage which takes a man, advancing in years, on a voyage of discovery that demands hard work, hard thinking, and hard eating. The banqueting must be one of the worst of Mr. Chamberlain's trials. But while he can do a great deal in the way of smoothing over minor difficulties and gathering experience on the spot, it is not easy to see what bullish gain can accrue to Kaffirs through Mr. Chamberlain's visit to Spion Kop and the Transvaal. As regards taxation, it is surely clear that the Government mean to deal as lightly as they possibly can with the mining industry, and, beyond relief in this direction—which is but a matter of degree—the Colonial Secretary can do little that will be of practical moment to the share market. He can't coerce more blacks into working; he can't carry up stores to the mines which stand so badly in need of the things lying at the coast. But there—I do not want to discourage Mr. Chamberlain in his arduous duty (I believe that is absolutely correct journalese), and I certainly do not want my readers to sell their Kaffirs. They can buy more, and will be thereby profited in the long run.

It is impossible to conclude without saying a word about the new "House Annual," although the book has been out for a fortnight or so. Mr. W. A. Morgan's latest effort on behalf of the starving little ones is intrinsically worth the five shillings it costs, and you get for nothing the thrill of satisfaction at helping the bairns. The book and the effort deserve warm appreciation from the House, the public, and last if not least,

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

## HOME RAILS.

Immediately prior to dividend-time, prices of Home Railway stocks are rarely suffered to fall, and whatever pressure to sell there may happen to be at other periods of the year, such pressure subsides almost entirely from the latter part of December to the early days of February. Yet there is not much demand for Home Rails, and dealers in the market say that prices are moved by a handful of operators who still gamble in such stately stocks as Brums or Berwicks. Possibly the declaration of the dividends will serve to direct people's money

into the Ordinary descriptions of Home Railways, but the distributions will have to be good ones, and it would appear as though little less than sensational results are likely to make the public add to their holdings. The campaign of reform is being pushed forward with commendable vigour, and, now that the matter has been taken in hand by practical men, good may come of the movement even in the case of the London and North-Western. As things are at present, to buy Home Railway stocks is not a course to be recommended for those who will only go into a market in which the chances of a quick rise can be readily marshalled. The lean years may be over, and probably are, for the Railway Companies, yet only by the most minute attention to details of expenditure can the dividend rates be raised, and these, after all, are the crux of the question as to whether the stocks can go higher. To lock up at their current quotations, such things as the "Heavy" stocks, North-Western, Great Western, North-Eastern, and South-Western, are, no doubt, desirable investments; but those who buy them in the hope of an early profit stand to suffer disappointment.

## THE MASTERY OF MORGAN.

How far the markets of the world hang upon Mr. J. P. Morgan and his movements is a riddle which a good many people are trying hard to solve at the present time. It must be admitted, of course, that the Yankee Market, both in Wall Street and Shorter's Court, lies practically in the hollow of his hand. With all the forces at his disposal he can move prices almost as he wishes, and, without elaborating the subject,



"GENTLEMEN! THE BANK HAS REDUCED THE RATE TO — PER CENT!"

it may be fearlessly asserted that his power permeates not only the stock markets, but those concerned with money and a thousand other things. The financial Atlas bears upon his shoulders a burden the responsibility of which cannot be easily estimated, and the affairs which revolve round Mr. Morgan form an instructive object-lesson in the immense danger which inevitably accrues when so much depends upon a single man. Of course, the wonderful financier is not allowed to have everything his own way. It may be fairly said that some of the operations which the firm have lately taken in hand did put a severe strain upon even their powers, and, this being so, it has become a practical factor in the world of business as to what extent of damage would be done supposing that any untoward development should occur in some of the schemes which might, as it were, place the firm at a disadvantage. It is not pleasant to consider what effect the death of a man now living might have, but, at the same time, the intensely marked personality of Mr. Morgan has an influence so vast that one is obliged to think what might happen in the case of its being withdrawn, say, simply through sickness or any other unexpected cause. Without going so far as to ascribe the spasms which have agitated the stock markets to a fear as to what might occur if this guiding hand were to lose its grip through one reason or another, one must admit that the possibilities have to be faced by investors and speculators alike. The Yankee Market has often hung upon his breath. If anything happened to Mr. Morgan, there must of necessity be a sharp fall in the securities most closely associated with his name, and such fall would naturally react upon hundreds of others which are not acknowledged to have any intimate connection with himself. Probably the annals of history have never presented the spectacle which the unique position of Mr. Morgan has brought into prominence; and therefore it is treading upon new ground to dogmatise upon what might happen if that position were no longer occupied by the central figure. Yet the mere fact that the dread exists of a bad shake-out in the markets of the world will continue to act as a deterrent to all but day-to-day speculators in the Yankee Market.

#### THE ASSOCIATED FINANCIAL.

The extraordinary power which Mr. Horatio Bottomley is able to exert over proprietors in his concerns is little short of miraculous. Nobody can deny that the latest scheme advanced for replenishing the coffers of the Associated Financial Corporation is clever; nevertheless, shareholders will be much better advised if they decline to throw any more money after that which is both lost and gone before. It is difficult to see how the new concern is likely to do better than the old, and many people who are paying their money now simply do so in the hope of being able to sell their shares at a slight profit later on, which means that the market will be over-supplied for months. In our opinion, the loss should be cut, and the offer of those new shares upon which there is an assessment should be firmly declined.

Saturday, Jan. 3, 1903.

#### FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 108, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention; and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"JAMES MAY."—Private letters are only written in accordance with Rule 5. As to the West Australian Mine, we have a very poor opinion of it, but the South African is a fair speculative cheap thing.

L. N. F.—We think the Provident Association to be a sound and *bonâ fide* concern, but there have been some very strong criticisms of its balance-sheets in (if we remember rightly) our contemporary, *Truth*.

BUYER NO. 2.—We believe the shares to be a fair speculative purchase.

AUNTIE.—Consult your solicitor. We cannot answer abstruse legal points such as your letter raises. It is clear that the new Company can be made liable to pay you, but whether you must proceed against the liquidator of the old Company or directly against the new one, we do not feel competent to advise. See Rules above.

A. P.—Try three of the following investments: (1) Buenos Ayres Great Western Ordinary or Buenos Ayres and Pacific Cumulative Pref.; (2) Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank or Bank of Egypt shares; (3) Industrial and General Trust Unified Stock or *Lady's Pictorial* Preference shares; and you will get about £5 8s. 6d. per cent. for your money all round, with fair safety.

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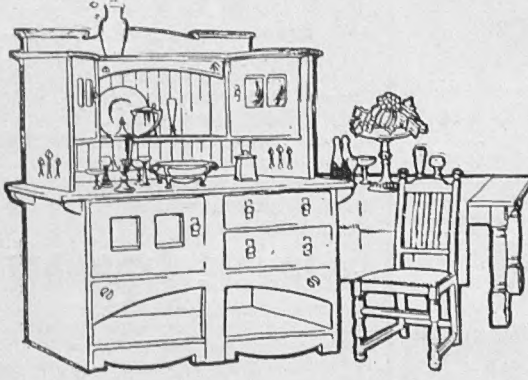
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Safe & Reliable  
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Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.  
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.  
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And light dressings of CUTICURA OINTMENT, purest of emollient skin cures. This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp, when all else fails.

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